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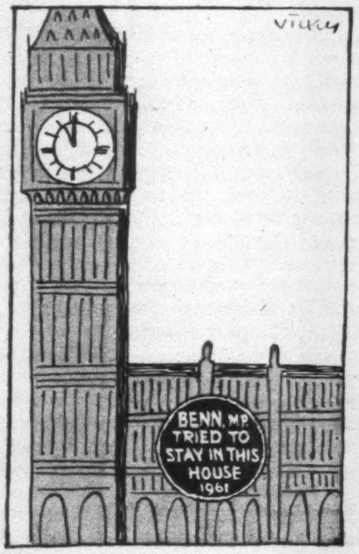
VICKY
BENN, MP TRIED TO STAY IN THIS HOUSE 1961

MY FIGHT
Anthony Wedgwood Benn

★

MEANING OF ALDERMASTON

★

EICHMANN TRIAL
R. H. S. Crossman

★

NYERERE:
A Personal Talk

★

ANTHONY CARSON
A New Story

★

JOHN NEVILLE
No National Theatre?

Wanted: A Recipe for Neutrality

By proposing a neutral Laos in return for a cease-fire, Mr Kennedy has wisely admitted that the attempt to create a series of western 'model' democracies in Asia has failed. He has accepted – it seems in its entirety – the British view that the best we can hope for in this area are governments which fear Soviet subversion as much as they hate western colonialism; that the function of western policy ends when we have created the framework within which they can exercise their own freedom of choice.

This is a momentous change in US policy, which has already been welcomed in India and has even brought a favourable response from Moscow. But it is one thing to opt for this new policy, quite another to implement it. In Europe, agreement between East and West to respect the neutrality of, say, Austria or Finland, has real meaning. Each is a viable state, with a mature constitutional life. In each, foreign intervention is the cause of internal discord, not the consequence of it.

In Asia – or, for that matter, in Africa – genuine neutrality cannot be created merely by a formal treaty signed by the great powers involved. For one thing, these new states are in urgent need of financial and technical aid of all kinds. This can only come from the wealthy nations, which have an obvious interest in extracting a political *quid pro quo*. Secondly, they are still trying to evolve a stable form of government. In most cases, the pro-western elements – often identified with the concept of 'bourgeois democracy' – have been discredited by colonialism and corruption. Popular and radical forces are in the ascendent, and these have an instinctive leaning towards the Communist bloc. Left to themselves, by a formal guarantee of non-intervention, there is little doubt that these forces will triumph – and hence, in American eyes at least, undermine the principle of neutrality. What is needed, in these states, is a formula whereby drastic internal reform can be separated from a commitment to the Soviet bloc which would upset the local military balance.

The problem, whether in Laos or the Congo, can be solved, but only on two conditions. The first concerns Russia. By recognising that neutrality has a respectable – indeed essential – role to play in world affairs, Mr Kennedy has taken an immense step towards ending Cold War tension. But it will become meaningful only if the Russians observe the spirit as well as the letter of non-intervention. Otherwise, the new Kennedy doctrine will collapse. Indeed, he will be forced to abandon it himself by the pressure of American opinion.

The second condition is that Mr Kennedy accepts the logic of his new policy. The attempt to create genuine neutrals will fail, unless their people – which means, in practice, illiterate peasants, led by a handful of intellectuals – can be convinced that the West's concern for their well-being is at least equal to that of Russia.

So far, the Kennedy administration has taken only the most timid steps in this direction. The new programme for Latin-America makes social change a condition for receiving aid – but its sponsors remain implacably hostile to Cuba, the one Latin-American country where genuine social change has been put in hand. In Asia, Washington now seems to admit that pro-western puppets, sustained by dollars and arms, are no longer a formula for stability; but it remains wholeheartedly committed to precisely this formula in Formosa, South Vietnam and Persia.

In short, Laos holds lessons for both the super-powers. If Mr Krushchev continues to treat neutralism as a convenient half-way house to Communism, then he will end by vindicating Mr Dulles, and restoring his policies in Washington. Equally, Mr Kennedy cannot expect to deflect the radical forces in the under-developed areas from their functional drift to the left, unless he can help them to secure their social objectives more promptly. He must show them that neutralism can also be a half-way house to affluent democracy.

Comments on the Week's News

Defence

Recruiting the Sick

The government's efforts to conceal the failure of its army recruiting plans continue to generate an atmosphere of mystery and unease. The army's original requirement for an all-Regular force, laid down in the report of the Hull Committee, was 220,000. The politicians' estimate, based on actuarial calculations of how many could in practice be recruited, was originally 160,000. But at the time this figure was produced, early in 1957, Mr Hare, the Secretary of State for War, threatened to resign if such a target became official policy. As a result, two further figures – 165,000 'minimum' and 180,000 'maximum' – were adopted. The significance of these figures was 'explained' by Mr Ramsden, the Under-Secretary, on 7 March this year: 'For a short time at the beginning of 1963 we can get by on an army of about 165,000 as long as it is slowly building up towards 180,000'. What exactly 'get by' means is anyone's guess.

In fact, there is every reason to believe 165,000 will not be obtained, using present methods. As a result a curious battle has been going on behind the scenes. Before the turn of the year, the Treasury imposed a £1,650 million ceiling on defence. This effectively killed a number of War Office projects to raise recruiting, all of which would have cost money. Hence, when, on 28 February, Mr Watkinson spoke mysteriously of 'alternatives' if the present campaign failed, he was plainly referring to schemes which had already been vetoed by the stern men in the Treasury.

At this point, however, politics intervened again. With a big Tory revolt threatened over Rhodesia, the government decided it could not afford a showdown with its own critics on the Army Estimates. In the event, this showdown – somewhat to the surprise of the Opposition – did not take place. Why? Because Mr Profumo, the Secretary of State, announced, in his speech of 7 March, a series of new devices to aid recruiting – special retrospective pay rates for certain national service men, a new publicity programme 'bringing the army to the people', more overseas training exercises, better army housing, a new soldier's saving scheme and changes in the discharge by purchase system. These were, in fact, the very plans vetoed by the Treasury. Nevertheless, Mr Profumo undertook to introduce them 'at once'. This passage in his speech is believed to have been inserted at the express insistence of the Tory rebels: indeed, it is said it was actually drafted by Mr Redmayne, the Chief Whip, and Mr Julian Amery, who presumably keeps a line open to his erstwhile allies. In consequence, the rebels agreed to observe a truce, and the revolt over the Estimates was called off.

Yet the truce is bound to be temporary, for there is no sign that the Treasury is going to give in. If the War Office can't get the cash to make its new devices successful, it will have to fall back on other methods. Mr Profumo hinted at one of them: 'adjustments in medical and educational standards'. This is a euphemism for recruiting the sick, the criminal and the moronic. Already there is evidence that standards are dropping. In an alarming article on 13 March, *The Times* Defence Correspondent, who recently investigated the quality of recruits at the Greenjackets depot, revealed that 20 per cent of accepted recruits fell into the lowest category in personal selection tests. The Greenjackets, moreover, have always had the highest educational standards in the British Army (the Rifle Brigade was the first regiment to introduce compulsory education for NCOs). Other regiments and corps may be doing much worse; as many units now fear amalgamation if they fall seriously below par in recruiting, each has a vested interest in lowering acceptance levels. If this tendency receives official endorsement, as Profumo hints it may, then the British army seems fated to revert to its status in Wellington's day – a repository for 'the scum of the earth'.

East Africa

Unequal Progress

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: While Mr Macleod and Mr Nyerere, the Chief Minister of Tanganyika, are discussing that country's future in Dar-es-Salaam, they have seen the Democratic Party win the first real general election in Uganda and the two main Kenyan parties, the National Union and the Democratic Union, send their leaders to visit Jomo Kenyatta at Lodwar. As Mr Macleod is visiting Tanganyika in order to name the dates for internal self-government and independence, it might look superficially as if the three countries could march forward together. Unfortunately, however, although there is now in Uganda an almost entirely elected Legislative Council and a government of elected Africans with only three official ministers, democracy in that country has a very sore Achilles heel. The Democratic Party, drawing much of its support from the Roman Catholic Church, won a majority of seats, but its main opponent, the People's Congress, actually secured about 200,000 more votes. The reason for this is that the traditionalist Lukiko in Buganda is still stubbornly opposing participation in a democratic unitary state. Consequently, only 30,000 Buganda instead of a possible 750,000, registered as voters. Twenty out of the 21 Buganda seats went to the Democratic Party, but in constituencies where the total vote was only about five per cent of its potential. Until this Buganda opposition to a modern democratic Uganda is overcome, there will remain a positive danger that independence might provoke the beginnings of civil war.

The Meaning of Aldermaston 500
A Fight for Common Sense. Anthony Wedgwood Benn 502
London Diary. Charon 502
The Faceless Bureaucrat. R. H. S. Crossman MP 503
A Talk with Nyerere 504
The Next Scroll? Maurice Richardson .. 506
The Voice of the Turtle-dove. Anthony Carson 508
Correspondence. Rt Hon. Philip Noel-Baker MP, The Rev. Canon Alfred Jowett, H. M. Basner, E. H. Campion and others 510
Books in General:
'Cultchaw' and Society. Asa Briggs .. 513
Poems. J. F. Hendry, Sylvia Plath, Theodore Roethke, D. J. Enright .. 514
Reviews. Walter Allen, V. S. Pritchett, Christine Brooke-Rose, T. L. Cottrell, John Saville, C. H. Rolph, Jeremy Brooks, Keith Waterhouse, Basil Davidson 516
Arts and Entertainment. John Neville, Bryan Robertson, David Drew, H. A. L. Craig, William Whitebait .. 522
Week-end Competitions 526
The Countryside. Edward Hyams .. 526
City Lights. Taurus 527

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In Kenya, despite the visit to Lodwar, both parties are still opposed to participation in the new Kenya government till all restrictions are removed from Jomo Kenyatta. The Governor now has only one week in which to form his government. If the African politicians' temper does not change, he may be forced to pack the Legislative Council with his own nominees in order to maintain a government capable of securing support in the Legislature. This would certainly destroy the basis of the constitution agreed last year in Lancaster House and postpone hopes of further constitutional advance.

In these circumstances, therefore, Mr Nyerere and the Tanganyikans cannot be expected to wait for their neighbours. Internal self-government within a few months is now certain, and independence is expected in 1962. Thus the dilemma, which Mr Nyerere himself describes on another page, between simultaneous independence for the East African territories within a federation and independence for each territory severally, followed by federation if it can be negotiated, is being resolved by events.

Westminster

Slums or Subsidies?

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* For 15 years, man and boy, I have listened while the House of Commons talked about housing. Throughout the years I have heard members argue that more houses should be built to let than are built for sale. And vice-versa. I have heard members argue that housing subsidies should be increased. Or cut. I've heard them argue that existing subsidies should be distributed in a different way. Or that they should stay as they are. I've heard them argue for a means test for tenants in subsidised houses. And against it. But I have yet to hear a single member ask how it is that in this age, when scientists are sending rockets in the general direction of Venus and even Mr Peter Thorneycroft can not merely talk of pie in the sky but can seriously think of sending it there, no one should be asking how it is that the British building industry cannot, without a subsidy, build a house which is (a) fit to live in; and (b) cheap enough for anyone in work, at the present level of wages, to buy or to rent unaided.

Food, clothing, fuel and housing . . . these are the four material essentials. Food is subsidised; but only because, as Mr Michael Stewart said in this week's debate, the government thinks it desirable, as some kind of social service, to maintain a British agriculture. If one neglected that consideration, it would be possible to get all the food we need from abroad without subsidy. Coal, despite the propaganda at election times, is not subsidised; there's plenty of it and the price has gone up no higher than the national average. Clothing – and as a Yorkshireman I ought to know this – is not subsidised; and no one goes about naked. But there are still millions of people who haven't got houses and who – with or without the help of the lastest Housing Bill – will never be able to afford, unaided, even a rented house during their lifetime, still less in the lifetime of Mr Henry Brooke, the present Minister of Housing. Why not?

Interest charges are one reason. Dalton's cheap money policy became discredited partly because the press attacked it, but mainly because a lot of people make money out of high interest rates. Land prices are another reason. Labour jibbed at nationalising the land – I don't think the Liberals would have jibbed in 1909 but, like Labour, they had other things on their plate – and Lord Silkin's compromise was half-hearted, costly and, worst of all, incomprehensible. But, even beyond those other two reasons, is the fact that the building industry is, on the whole, incompetent.

Bricklayers lay too few bricks per hour? I've never laid a brick in my life – but I suspect this may be true.

Building workers spend too much time drinking tea and playing cards? From observation, I would suspect that this, too, is true – though I also suspect that the main reason is bad planning on the job – that, in the interests both of worker and of customer, the employer could provide a working shelter on the job, but just has not heard, yet, of polythene which can keep rain off workers, and off mortar, at little cost.

Firms take on jobs that they are not fitted to fulfil? The big contractors have the machinery to do the big jobs. The tiny firm, sometimes, has the skill and the feeling to do the single, tailor-made job. But in between there are a host of medium-sized firms, trying to ape the big man, without having the machines, and to undercut the little man, without having either his skill or his feel. It is no wonder that bankruptcies are significantly higher in the building industry than elsewhere.

I wondered if this week someone at least would tackle this problem in the House of Commons; for I heard Henry Brooke say that the government had been thinking hard and long.

But as he said this I saw his face flicker into light and then fade again, like an electric light bulb which is due for the dustbin; and I knew that he was on the side of the bankers, the landowners and of all others who thinks that this is the best possible world we can have.

Brooke's hard thinking was a scheme which allowed for a reduction of the proposed subsidies whenever the government thought fit – a scheme which must have the effect of making it more difficult than ever for local authorities to undertake any house building programmes in the future.

Do not let me suggest that Britain is worse, in housebuilding, than any other country. No capitalist country in the world can, without subsidising, build decent houses that every one of its working citizens can afford. The choice, in such countries, for large numbers of people, is inevitably slum or subsidy. Faced with that choice, I would prefer to have subsidy. But do I have to have that sort of society? And shouldn't we be discussing the real alternatives?

Washington

Murrow's Baptism of Fire

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: In the first flush of political power the innocent amateur often tends to be a shade less sensitive to niceties than the hardboiled professional. Never having been bitten by the righteous, he is not shy and may allow himself a shortcut that, as a sterling private citizen, he would strongly deplore. It is just as well, therefore, that Edward R. Murrow made his first essay in *Realpolitik* as promptly as he did and that he drew fire from the forces of light. He can now concede, as he does, that his attempt to get the BBC to cancel a television documentary was 'foolish and futile' and revert to his basic position that 'we have an open pluralistic society where we cannot conceal our difficulties or our own controversies.'

All the same, there is something smug in those harsh comments on the episode that fail to take into account the position Murrow found himself in from the moment he took over as director of the US Information Agency. The day before he put in his much-criticised telephone call to London, President Kennedy had sent to Congress a request for additional appropriations, including an item of $11 million to double information activities in Africa and increase those in Latin America by two-thirds. Before his appointment was confirmed, Murrow had had to run the gauntlet of senators who took an exceedingly jaundiced view of his activities as producer and narrator of television shows that did not attempt to confuse the United States with the Garden of Eden. At the risk of losing votes, he had contested the senatorial views that the information agency should 'let somebody else try to prove the bad things' about the country and that he should conceive of his new job as 'selling the United States to the world,' like 'selling a Cadillac.' He had come through the fire and, having established his position, he was prepared to show that he was, after all, as eager as any senator to promote goodwill for the country – a purpose for which considerably more money would be needed. And at precisely that moment he learned that England was to mark his induction into office by watching him spotlight a dark blot on American society – the plight of the migrant farm worker as revealed by Edward R. Murrow on a Columbia Broadcasting Service documentary called *Harvest of Shame*.

No one appears to have commented on the simple fact that the film had been shown on a major American network and probably went far to promote the 11 bills now before the Senate for relieving the state of the migrants. It was probably inevitable, moreover, that Moscow Radio would imply that the film depicted the lot of all US farm workers instead of some seven per cent of them.

If there is a lesson to be learned from Murrow's jolting experience, besides the obvious one that attempted censorship is always fatal, it is that the best propaganda is reform, and the best propagandists those who can influence policy to that end. The interesting report of a committee appointed by President Eisenhower to look into our information activities abroad recently came up with the heretical point that while lip-service is paid to 'the factor of public opinion in foreign policy,' those qualified to weigh that factor are always omitted from the procedures of policy-making. Next time President Kennedy draws up a message to Congress, he could do worse than talk it over beforehand with his new information chief, who might at least persuade him to include a plea for bringing migratory farm workers into the nation's social security system.

Tennessee

Jim Crow in the Box Office

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes:* In front of the judge – in a self-conscious, clumsy line – stood nine negro students. They were being incriminated earlier this month for presuming to try to buy a ticket for (of all things) *The World Of Suzie Wong*.

Of course the policeman put it rather differently. He had a long and involved tale about the sidewalk being temporarily blocked, and of 'an expectant mother' having had to step off the curb and into the path of oncoming traffic. The defendants had, he charged, broken a city ordinance by using 'boisterous and offensive language', by making 'an improper noise', by creating 'a disturbance or a diversion', and by conducting themselves 'in a disorderly manner annoying to others'. Slowly the story – stripped of its injected emotional overtones – came out.

But after two hours the strands had been unwoven to the satisfaction of the judge, and he pronounced – to the perhaps carefully arranged accompaniment of whistles of disbelief from the Negro benches – fines of $50 apiece for four of the nine students. The age-long battle for civil rights in America had danced for a brief space on the pin-head of two or three white people having had to step off the pavement and into the street. The victory, if it was anyone's, almost certainly belonged to the victims. They had achieved their objective – after the virtual capitulation of the lunch-counters (even Atlanta in Georgia has just fallen like an over-ripe fruit – of finding a new front on which to fight. The tight-lipped refusal last week of any cinema officials in the South to make any comment whatsoever stemmed almost certainly from their private acknowledgement that their position was not only indefensible but also desperate.

Nevertheless the fight for a seat in the stalls will be harder than that for a stool at the lunch-counter. In the first place the cinema managers have none of the illogicality built into their position that the chain-store managers had. Only in a handful of cinemas in the South are Negro patrons admitted even to the gallery: in most cases the doors are quite simply barred to all coloured comers. This means that the cinema managers are not susceptible to an economic boycott in the way that the store-owners were. The real weakness of Woolworth's, Kress's and the People's Drug Stores in the southern states was that they were inviting Negro custom at all their counters except those which served Coca-cola and a hamburger. Thus when each Negro community, in one urban centre after another, decided that, if it could not take refreshment, it would not buy commodities, the owners of the dime and department stores found themselves gripped in an economic half-nelson, the only means of release from which was surrender.

For the cinema proprietors the equation will be more difficult to resolve. They will have voluntarily to decide whether in their present declining days the accretion of Negro patronage will outweigh the possible withdrawal of custom by the local white community. For the great hidden lesson of de-segregation in the South has been that economics takes all. Only today is the evidence for that finally coming to light, but it is evidence which cannot be ignored. It is to be found in the letters received by the Little Rock Industrial Development Corporation in the years following September 1957. Before the paratroopers bared their bayonets and Governor Faubus raged and swelled, an average of five new major plants a year had established themselves in the state capital of Arkansas. From September 1957 until this month – when one new industry finally took the plunge – there were none.

'You may', wrote a corporation chairman to the luckless Little Rock Industrial Development Corporation, 'dismiss our proposition from your mind. We have no desire to be involved in the segregation problems in your state.' Today (almost certainly as a result of this kind of pressure) local businessmen in places like Nashville, Clinton, and even New Orleans are at last beginning to stand up and be counted; their motivation may not be much purer than that of the leaders of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange after Sharpeville, but every indication suggests that their impact is going to be much greater. And this month in Tennessee – even at the moment that three boys and one girl were formally convicted for trying to exercise their rights as first-class citizens – it looked as if the days of Jim Crow in the box office were numbered; and that before long he would be replaced by a cashier who was colour-blind.

Rome

Nenni in Trouble

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Sr Nenni retained his majority at the recent Socialist Party Congress and will thus be able to go ahead with his policy of approach towards the Catholics. On the other hand, the combined left-wing currents of Lelio Basso and Tullio Vecchietti now present him with a more formidable internal opposition than ever. Nenni put the Congress the problem: is there a third road in internal policy as for foreign policy, between Communism and social democracy? According to Togliatti, Saragat, and the left-wing of the Socialist Party itself, there is no such road. Nenni is convinced of the contrary, namely the road of 'Socialist Autonomy'.

Of the powerful Italian CP, Nenni stated: 'Socialists and Communists both want a lot of the same things and perhaps they want them by the same means; this creates points of contact from which we cannot withdraw without renouncing class action'. But all form of party dictatorship was incompatible with Socialism. Nenni's conclusion was that his party would support, if necessary from the outside, a centre-left Catholic government.

Vecchietti, leader of the left-wing current, criticised Nenni for his ostrich-like attitude of pretending the Communists did not exist. One could pretend they did not exist in England and Belgium, but not in France or Italy. Basso too thought Nenni unrealistic to concentrate on points of contact with the Catholics and to ignore the possibility of an alliance with the Communists. The behaviour of the Christian Democrat party was inevitably conditioned by the industrial monopolies and by the Church.

The Italian Socialist Party, in conclusion, did not solve its dilemma at this congress, even though Nenni was more outspoken against the Communists and more determined than ever to force the pace of Catholic-Socialist collaboration. The real dilemma of the congress was that the final choice of allies rests with the Christian Democrats, and neither the CD party statements nor the Vatican Radio give much ground for optimism.

The Law

Car Drunks

C. H. ROLPH *writes*: That ailing principle, the 'presumption of innocence', will in one respect at least take another knock if Mr Marples's Road Traffic Bill wins approval: a motorist refusing to give a blood, water, or breath specimen to the police will inevitably be treated almost as if he has made a confession of guilt. His objection to this new invasion of privacy may be due to conscientious or religious scruples, to resentment about particular circumstances, to eccentricity, to modesty, or to a belief that the last few liberties should be fought for. All this will go for nothing. Mr Justice Swift used to say that, since a motorist who was drunk was legally unable to consent to medical examination, it was an assault to examine him, and the result of the examination must be inadmissible. Apparently that opinion would be regarded now, whatever it was then, as casuistry run wild.

Under the new provisions the jury will no longer be required to find that the defendant was 'incapable' of having proper control at the wheel, which they have almost certainly equated, hitherto, with something like being 'drunk and incapable'. He 'shall be taken to be unfit to drive' (this is mandatory) 'if his ability to drive properly is for the time being impaired' Impairment ought to be easier to prove than whatever condition it is that juries are prepared to condemn at present. This may be no bad thing and will certainly increase the ratio of convictions; but the proposed 'obligatory' suspension of driving licences turns out to be the familiar provision ordaining disqualification 'unless the court for special reasons thinks fit to order otherwise'. Since 1930, when they were invented, these 'special reasons' have already filled two textbooks, neither of which has done much to stem the tide of legal argument, or to quench the average drinking motorist's belief that he at least, if prosecuted, would be one of the special cases. Wisely the Minister has not yielded to the general clamour for longer terms of imprisonment, and disqualification is to be given some sort of trial.

We can also expect to see the end of the 'quack' driving schools, which will be unable to compete for popular favour with government-tested and approved instructors with badges or certificates of proficiency.

The Meaning of Aldermaston

For the fourth time the Aldermaston marchers are taking to the roads to bear their witness against nuclear weapons. Each year the demonstration has grown bigger, commanding the active support of many thousands and the tolerant respect even of those who do not share the precise aims of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. It has become an annual event, unique in modern British politics, which has had a profound influence on public opinion.

Founded in the aftermath of Suez and Hungary to campaign against the continuation of nuclear tests, it has become both a symbol and an agent of a changing mood in Britain. Created by amateurs and, especially so far as its large proportion of young supporters is concerned, by people with little political experience, it has been built into a well-organised national movement without any help from the established parties. (Even the Communists, usually so fast to provide organisation for any mass demonstration on the left, opposed the CND in its first decisive years.) It was Aldermaston that helped to bring home to the British public the dangers of brinkmanship, the ludicrous folly of the Sandys defence policy, the vulnerability of this island to nuclear attack, and the necessity of a British initiative to break the Cold War deadlock.

The impact has been even greater inside the Labour Party. The vote at Scarborough last year, when the platform suffered one of its very rare defeats on an issue of moment, merely registered the hold that the Aldermaston slogans have secured in trade unions and constituency parties. All these are reasons why the Aldermaston marchers are taken seriously: they have changed the balance of British politics and made themselves a force which cannot be ignored. For their march has become a means of expressing a whole complex of anxieties and dissatisfactions with which the established parties either do not deal, or seem to deal with only half-heartedly and inadequately.

Many of those who march are active in other agitations – against South African racialism, against capital punishment; some belong to that section of the Left which has always been anti-American; some are pacifists; some support Nato, though stopping short at conventional weapons, and others are neutralists who believe Britain should have no defensive alliances. What they have in common – and in this they speak for a much wider spectrum of opinion than those who accept unilateralism – is a conviction that the present course of international affairs is towards a nuclear catastrophe and that it could lie within Britain's power to change that course.

All the specific proposals that are made in fact stem from this central conviction. A pledge that Britain would never use nuclear weapons first, the removal of foreign bases, the abandonment of the independent British deterrent, the renunciation of any strategy based on nuclear weapons – each of these objectives, so bitterly disputed down to the last comma of meaning in the last two years, is an attempt to put the same point in practical terms: that it is wasteful as well as morally wicked for Britain to spend hundreds of millions preparing for a nuclear conflict in which, if it comes, this country will be effectively destroyed.

NEXT WEEK

CHARON AND VICKY

A Marcher's Diary

PETER SHORE

The Rewards of Affluence

Those who march are not demonstrating for a particular resolution of this paradox – the movement has been far more given to negative campaigning against nuclear strategy than to constructive analysis of what this may involve – but to show that they reject the paradox entirely. Once the assumption is made that, unless a halt is called to the nuclear arms race, a holocaust will sooner or later ensue, almost any alternative policy tends to seem preferable, at almost any risk.

Many of those who march have not carefully considered this basic assumption: in any case, like the assumption that the nuclear deterrent works, it is unprovable – at least to the point where proof will be too late. Indeed, in those cases where, for religious or moral reasons, people reject nuclear or all weapons of war. Unilateralism raises no problem if you accept it as a matter of principle.

It is, however, not so simple for those marchers who are not pacifists in this sense, but who wish Britain to abandon nuclear weapons for economic, political and military reasons that they feel are overwhelmingly strong. They have been led to assume that a unilateral policy is the only hope because no other means of stopping the drift to war seems to offer a chance of success. If this is their reason for marching they are in fact not arguing a point of principle but a question of tactics. And that question is one that concerns us all. By what means can Britain best minimise the risk of nuclear conflict, and in particular the risk that it involves to our densely settled island? To seek means of minimising that risk, and to express our horror of the ultimate weapon is an honourable cause for which every decent citizen should be prepared to demonstrate. It is, indeed, a credit to Britain that this unique movement has taken hold among our people.

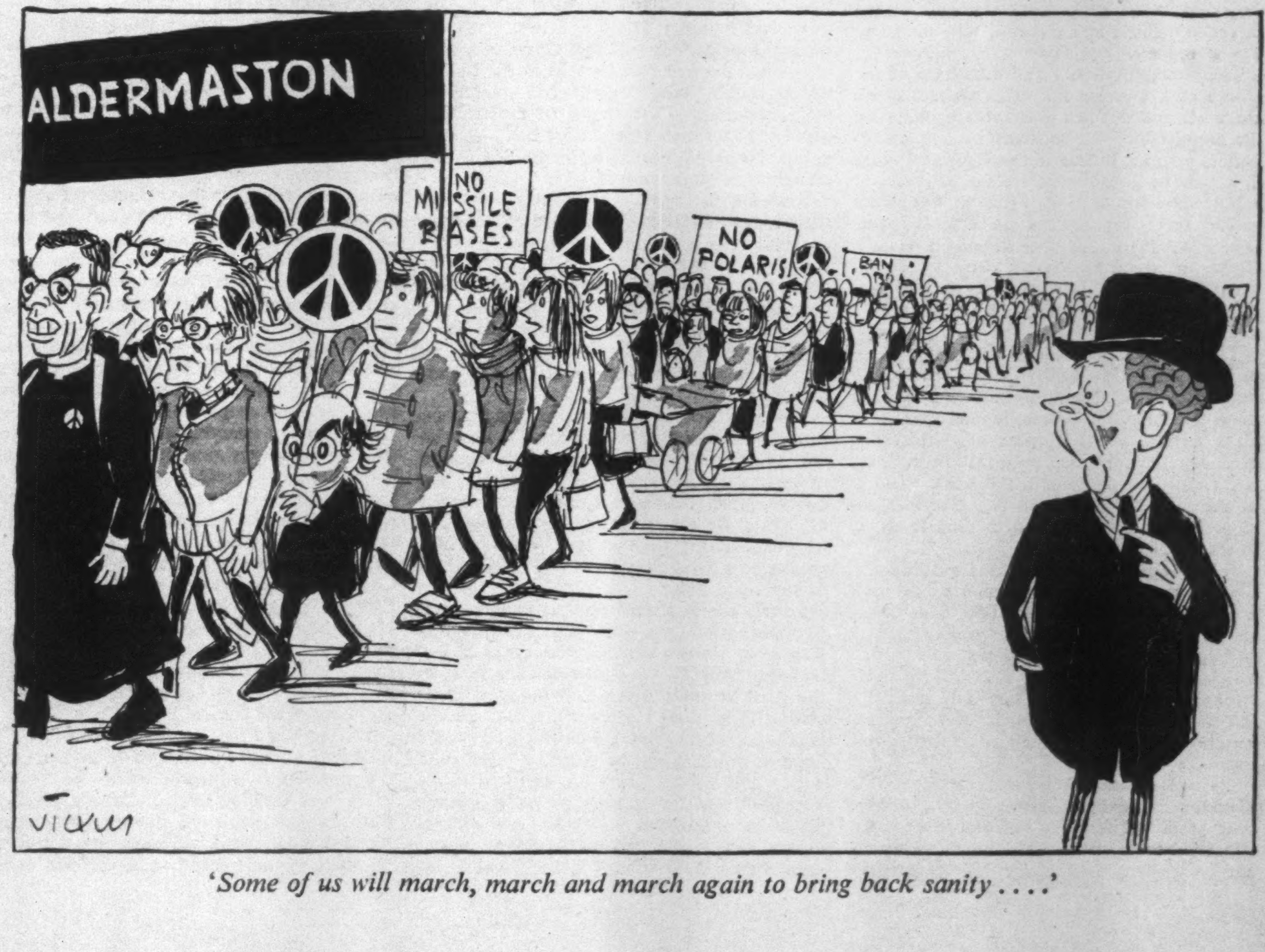
But the risk to ourselves cannot be reduced by opting out, attractive though this may be as a slogan. Even if Britain could go neutralist tomorrow without sparking off a train of events that upset the precarious balance of the peace – another unprovable assumption – there would be no guarantee of immunity if war should break out. The fall-out of a nuclear death-struggle knows no frontiers. Our own risk can be diminished only by reducing the collective risk.

Clearly this cannot be done by a headlong and accelerating arms race. The Aldermaston marchers are right when they decry the nuclear lunacy that seeks safety in a plethora of missiles and warheads sufficient to 'over-kill' enemy and friend alike. And their achievement so far has been to prevent the development in Britain of this kind of war hysteria: when they insist that there must be an alternative, they speak for Britain. Where they speak only for a significant and articulate minority is in their pessimistic belief that nothing but unilateral nuclear disarmament will do, because nothing else can avert, or even offer a chance of averting nuclear war. In this, too, they could prove to be right. But just as the past four years have proved less deadly than seemed probable in the gloomy autumn of 1956, so the years that lie immediately ahead may yet give us more time to seek more general means of disarmament.

They may. But it is not enough to praise the prospects of multilateralism while doing nothing to enhance them. Too much time has already been spent within the Labour Party bandying 'multilateralist' and 'unilateralist' slogans as a means of covering up a struggle which has very little to do with disarmament or defence and a great deal to do with an internal struggle for power.

That is why a new effort to devise a disarmament programme for Britain to advocate in world affairs is still worth making. For it remains true that most unilateralists are frustrated multilateralists, and that the mass of those who march at Easter would enthusiastically support a vigorous and honest Labour policy that was something more than an attempt to paper over factional divisions. The Labour Executive's policy that was defeated at Scarborough last year was in many respects more radical than the early programme of CND, and it would have been enthusiastically supported if it had been put forward even one year earlier. But the sight of the Labour leadership being dragged, uneasily and with public quarrels, at the heels of the Aldermaston marchers inspires confidence in no one.

In the process Labour is fast ceasing to be an effective party. And all the 'moral victories' either side can claim will soon not matter a tinker's cuss: Labour will no longer seem an alternative government; the only instrument by which the healthy and vigorous motives of the Aldermaston marchers can be transformed into practical politics will have been shattered. Yet this is bound to happen so long as decisions about defence and disarmament are made, not on their merits, but as a by-product of a party civil war. It is partly resentment at this trifling that has led so many people to work for CND rather than for a Labour Party whose powers and judgment are manifestly failing. They are at least concerned about the future of Britain rather than the fate of Mr Gaitskell or Mr Cousins – and in this they share the views of millions of voters.



'Some of us will march, march and march again to bring back sanity ....'

A Fight for Common Sense

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN MP

Despite all the legal, historical and constitutional complexities which envelop the struggle in which I am engaged, the issues involved are amazingly simple: does it make sense in 1961 to enforce an inescapable hereditary disqualification from service in the House of Commons and deny to a constituency the continued representation of its elected MP? What happens to me is of no great consequence. But the principles raised by this question are worth fighting for.

The present law has never been embodied in statute. It has developed with uncertain authority from the customs and practices of past centuries. A peer by descent need never claim his peerage, nor go near the House of Lords. But, from the moment he inherits it, he is debarred for life from service in the Commons and can neither renounce nor surrender his title. At least that is what they tell us the law is. There is therefore a direct conflict between common sense and the Common Law.

My personal battle against this nonsense is not, of course, by choice, but is dictated by necessity. From the moment of my election for Bristol in 1950, I knew that Father's death would simultaneously remove us *both* from parliament. People sometimes ask why a transfer from the Commons to the Lords should be so intolerable. Both are Houses of Parliament so why the fuss? But what self-respecting paratrooper would agree to be seconded to the Beefeaters? Both are armed forces in defence of the realm. Why the fuss? Try it and see.

The strength, vitality and attraction of the House of Commons lies in its representative character and not in the chances it offers for the premiership – as so many cynical leader-writers assume. Indeed the prospects of office in a Labour government are far brighter for a peer than for an MP. Yet who would not rather serve for life as an elected backbench MP than occupy a Cabinet post in a House in which he sat by virtue of an inherited privilege? It would be as fradulent as wearing your grandfather's VC on Armistice Day.

This is why I have been fighting this war – on and off – for nearly seven years. Any other House of Commons man would have done the same. Of course, in one sense it is all a terrible waste of time and effort – a diversion from serious political work. I am not remotely interested in the tribal customs of the feudal nobility but, like Caryl Chessman, have been compelled to mug it all up in search of a reprieve.

It all began in 1954 when I petitioned a Lords committee for permission to promote a personal renunciation bill. They courteously rejected my petition on the grounds that a peerage concerned the whole nation and should be dealt with by a public bill. Six weeks later a public bill was duly presented in the Lords who voted it down on the grounds that it was a small point that should await Lords reform.

Two years later the government themselves abandoned the hereditary principle in their long awaited Life Peers Bill. But when someone tried to move an amendment to eliminate compulsory inheritance, the government said it was outside the scope of the bill, and it was ruled out of order. So it went on. It was like trying to wrestle with a fog.

Father and I tackled all these stages together and agreed that there was nothing to be done until he died. This was the most dismal part of it all. Yet, characteristically, he gathered fresh material for this posthumous project with infinite zest, humour and ingenuity, knowing he would not be there to see it used. What a help he would be at this lonely moment and how he would be enjoying it all.

So far everything has gone as we expected. The Committee of Privileges by confining themselves rigidly to a study of the law (some of it going back to the 13th century) have published a report that is of such monumental irrelevance to what is at stake that it will prove most helpful to my case. They have thought fit to ignore altogether the radical changes in our parliamentary system that have occurred even in the last 50 years. At no point in the report is any consideration whatsoever given to the rights of my constituents or the now unchallenged supremacy of the Commons as the first House of Parliament. It is written as if universal suffrage and the Parliament Acts had never occurred.

Happily the privilege report will not be the only document before the House when the debate takes place. A petition from the electors of Bristol signed by many thousands of them (98 per cent approached have done so) will be presented the same day. The House will also have before it the new Peerage (Renunciation) Bill sponsored by MPs reflecting all shades of opinion from all parties. Since it is both general in application and contains no retrospective provisions, it will command wide support.

The House will, therefore, after Easter, have a perfectly simple decision to take. If there is a conflict of duty between willing elected membership of the Commons and unwilling inherited membership of the Lords, which should take precedence? Which is more important – the choice of the electors expressed through the ballot-box or the notional will of the Crown embodied in an archaic writ of summons?

Knowing the pride the Commons take in their independence and the sense of fair play of MPs, I have no doubt what their answer would be in a perfectly free vote. Nor evidently has Mr Butler, or he would not find it necessary to issue a whip. The government's reported intention to do this means it is almost certain that a by-election will be forced on my constituency 'to pick a new MP'.

If Bristol people want me to stand again, this campaign could mobilise all those who are getting impatient with the hidebound traditionalism of which this case is just one tiny example. This is part of a wider *malaise* of living in the past that is stifling our national vitality today. And when Bristol speaks on polling day, there will be no whips to keep it in line.

I shall accept that verdict as final, even if it goes against me. But will my opponent if it goes against him? Rumour has it that he might seek to win by an election petition the seat he had failed to win by popular choice. If he does I suspect that he, and the hereditary absurdities from which he would hope to profit, might be engulfed together in a gale of laughter which has so often in the past proved to be the most powerful weapon for reform. Because common sense will of course win in the end, as it almost always does – even in Britain.

London Diary

CHARON

An early Easter coinciding with the Boat Race, coming almost on top of the Grand National, makes a distinctly festal impression. London – if the weather holds – seems gay. The Wen goes green and seems starred with daisies.

Of all sporting events the Boat Race is the one which everybody will tell you is totally clean. Stroke is invariably *sans peur et sans reproche.* So I once believed. I was remarking as much between the wars to my father, a very knowledgeable man – now in another world where he is almost certainly engaged in his favourite pursuit of giving them the office, as the cockneys say. 'Don't you believe it,' he roared. 'The human race is always up to monkey-tricks whenever they get the chance. I remember very well one year (towards the end of the 19th century) young Guy Nickalls. [This great rowing man and progenitor is long dead.] He thought he was very smart and made sure that the Oxford crew, which he was stroking, rowed a very poor trial. Until then they had been judged far superior on form to Cambridge. They would have started odds on, but as a result of Master Guy's trial, in which he saw to it that they caught enough crabs to stock Billingsgate, the odds were little worse than evens. Guy backed Oxford with everything he'd got and cleaned up a packet. It was all over the Stock Exchange and Blackheath.'

* * *

My own favourite Easter recollection is the Festival of the Holy Fire in Jerusalem. This takes place in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Saturday before Easter. The ceremony is elaborate. The first step, which you are not supposed to notice, is taken by an aged monk who shuffles rather furtively into the little chapel which is supposed to enshrine Christ's tomb. He carries something that looks curiously like a hot-water bottle. Presently, after immense delays, and in a state of feverish excitement – the church is packed to bursting with Christian pilgrims: Copts from Egypt, Syrians, Lebanese, Arabs, and, of course, Abyssinians – the Patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian churches arrive in full splendour of vestment, heavily jewelled. They disrobe and are searched, albeit perfunctorily, by the principal civil authority. During the Mandate this was the High Commissioner. Having disrobed, they enter the tomb-chapel and pray.

By this time everybody has been provided with an enormous candle. At the end of an hour there is a great shout and fire comes from a hole in the back of the chapel. Bells ring all over the church. You get a weird impression of sound and light fusing into one. The atmosphere is more oriental than Christian as we understand it in the west. Everybody lights his candle from another. Meanwhile the various sects have a little race to see which of them can get their candle lit from the original flame passed from hand to hand to their own private chapel in the precincts of the church.

Having stood for something like five hours watching all this, I was tired and my arm dropped. To my horror I set fire to the hair of a secretary from the British Council. Fortunately I put it out at once. She forgave me charmingly but I had a very nasty second. On the way out I asked an Arab friend what one particular group of Christian Arabs were chanting. He told me: 'Who killed Christ? The Jews, the Jews! Let's all kill the Jews, the Jews!' It made me feel very sad.

* * *

All the knowing ones tell you that one of the first recommendations that Beeching will make will be the denationalisation of the GWR. There are various possible reasons. In the first place this particular railway is the one that is most likely to make a profit. Private enterprise will therefore be delighted to get it back. In the second place, it is the most glamorous of our railways. It serves the nicest and prettiest places: Oxford, the Cotswolds, the West of England, Devonshire and Cornwall, and, of course, that strangely foreign Cymric-Dravidian enclave known as Wales.

The directors of the GWR were always conscious of their railway's charm and amenities. One of their chairmen was Sir Wyndham Portal, later the first Viscount Portal. He persistently refused to raise the price of champagne when the last war broke out. This was a patriotic morale-boosting action, perhaps. Whether he intended it as such I do not know. He was a little eccentric, and once gave £90,000 to the British Fascists. He did, however, later express regret and say that he had been misled.

Portal was also the chairman of his family firm in Hampshire that made paper for the Bank of England. In 1937 he managed to lose a fair quantity of this very special bank note paper which was supposed to be guarded as carefully as money itself. He had to go and confess to Sir John Anderson, then Home Secretary. He said he felt just like a schoolboy going to be caned; 'but Anderson was really very decent. He said: "All right, Portal, since you've come and owned up frankly like this let's say no more about it"'. Nobody knows what happened to the missing paper, but it is thought that the Germans got it and used it to print English money.

* * *

C. P. Snow's reminiscences of the clash between Sir Henry Tizard and F. A. Lindemann (Lord Cherwell), Churchill's scientific adviser who was faultlessly wrong on every single point, made my blood run cold. The memo from Lindemann, insisting that 'bombing must be directed essentially against German working-class houses because middle-class houses have too much space round them', was strikingly significant. At the time, during the war itself, the only paper, as far as I can recollect, which discussed this issue and pointed out the fatuity of bombing, was *Tribune* then edited by Aneurin Bevan, in two articles signed 'Aeronaut' 'Aeronaut' also related the surprising history of the origins of the RAF. His version had it that, during the First World War, 40-odd bombers had been built to be sent to the Russian government. Then came the débâcle of 1917. Trenchard decided to found a new arm – the RAF – on the basis of the bombers that were now on his hands. When the question of a uniform arose he was told: 'You might as well use those five million yards of blue cloth which the Czar had also ordered.'

* * *

The 'Minicab' drivers are, for all I know, perfectly reputable and skilful, but they may be going to get a tough time from the cab drivers. We got a glimpse of the strategy and tactics of a possible street war in Belgrave Square the other day. It looked as if some of the younger cab drivers engaged the Minicab at close quarters, while their senior colleagues rode in waiting in case it got through. Of course there is only a handful of cab drivers who will indulge in anything approaching violence. Most of them are law-abiding and peaceful in the extreme.

My own sympathies, violence apart, are entirely on the side of the cab drivers. They come under strict police supervision. They have to spend one year doing their 'knowledge' – learning all or nearly all London streets off by heart. Naturally they feel it is unfair for unqualified drivers to be allowed to ply for hire. The reason why there is a shortage of cabs on the streets – and we could certainly do with at least 200 more – is attributed to the policy of the big cab-owning companies, who prefer the present system because it enables them to work the drivers on rather longer shifts, thereby making more profit. This, anyway, is the cab drivers' case. I should be very interested to know what some of the bigger companies such as the London General Cab Company, Cooks, Levys, Samuels, and Felder, have to say.

* * *

I got some interesting psychological pointers about the mentality of our rulers from a jeweller with whom I had a conversation last week. He told me that the meanest type of present-day tycoon was the property dealer. 'Considering how many millions they've made', he complained rather bitterly, 'they are amazingly close. The only thing they seem to like to buy is gold and never too much of that. They definitely prefer stones to be small. Now what do you make of that?'

I said that I supposed, as a loyal Freudian, it must be a case of anal erotism. Your property tycoon hates to part.

'On the other hand,' said the jeweller, 'the oil millionaire, once he has had a strike, becomes madly generous like one of his own gushers. He simply sprays the money about. He showers stones – and stones of all colours, for he by no means restricts himself to diamonds – on his wives and mistresses, girl friends and daughters.'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The jury was told that Hall had twice forgiven his wife for associating with other men. Then, when she suddenly started looking more attractive and began to read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he became suspicious. – *Daily Herald.* (Gillian Duguid.)

Recalling the Duke of Wellington's remark that a boy of seventeen should be able to escort fifteen convicts with the aid of a single corporal to Botany Bay without trouble, Sir David said: 'These are the kind of boys Merchant Taylors' is producing.' –*Liverpool Daily Post.* (H. M. Rose.)

Two rabbits – one of each sex – may be kept as pets by council house tenants in Ripley, Derbyshire, so that their children can 'learn something about the birds and the bees.' – *Daily Mail.* (M. G. Bruce.)

The author, 25-year-old John McGrath, said: 'I have added an extra 20 minutes and it is now a three-act instead of a two-act play. In the original – about teenage loneliness in a new town – we had a boy pushed off a mountain by a girl youth club leader. Now she only gets him sent to prison for attempted rape. It is much more credible.' –*Daily Express.* (C. I. Langford.)

The Faceless Bureaucrat

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

As the Eichmann trial approaches, I feel more and more uneasy – and so, I find, do quite a number of my Jewish and Israeli friends. The first gleeful announcement of the abduction came as a shock, but it was nothing compared with the press conference which the Israeli Prime Minister gave a few days later. Here is part of it, as quoted by Mr Charles Wighton:

> The trial of the criminal Eichmann will be the Nuremberg of the Jewish people . . . No punishment can ever be adequate for Eichmann's crimes, but he will serve the purpose of bringing into the full light of day Hitler's famous plan to 'solve' the Jewish problem by genocide . . Let the world understand; whatever may be the protestations and sophisms of those so-called experts who are immersed in an inhuman formalism, he will be tried by a purely Israeli court . . . We shall not give up our prisoner.

Ben Gurion was speaking, no doubt, primarily to his home public. Nevertheless, the tone of this pronouncement upset many of his countrymen, as well as embarrassing their friends abroad. Of course the Israeli Premier can find excellent legal precedents for putting a man on trial who has been abducted, and for charging him with crimes committed in another country; and no one who knows the standards of Israeli justice can doubt that the actual procedings will be conducted with meticulous fairness and that, even if the death penalty is pronounced, it will not be enforced. But the political framework within which Ben Gurion has decided to set the trial is such a perturbing combination of Old Testament ethics and modern sensationalism that, though what is done will no doubt be justice, what is *seen* to be done may well look more like an act of tribal vengeance.

My own doubts about the wisdom of the trial have been increased by reading a few of the books* on Eichmann that have been knocked together in order to exploit a transient atrocity market. All the authors rely on the magnificent researches of Reitlinger and Poliakov, from whose works they hack great chunks of material. On to these classic descriptions of the extermination camps is then roughly stitched whatever new account of the capture of Eichmann and of his past life has been 'leaked' to each of the authors by Israeli intelligence officers.

Moshe Pearlman, for example – I remember him in the troubles of 1947-48 as the Haganah spokesman with superbly British accent and handlebar moustache – has already been in trouble with the Knesset because his detailed account of the capture seems to derive to directly from the Premier's office. This gives his book, *The Capture of Adolf Eichmann*, a special interest as the 'authorised' – and censored – Israeli version of the affair. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Pearlman gives the Israeli Premier the full credit for deciding Eichmann must be tracked down and caught, without actually admitting that the job was done by the Israeli secret service; and the fact that Eichmann was flown out of Buenos Aires in an El Al plane that had brought Abba Eban on an official visit has been discreetly omitted. On the other hand, Pearlman repeatedly asserts that Eichmann, after his capture, 'voluntarily agreed' to leave the Argentine. However unconvincing this may be, it is obviously the official Israeli acount.

**Eichmann.* By Charles Wighton. *Odhams.* 21*s.*
The Capture of Adolf Eichmann. By Moshe Pearlman. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*
Eichmann, Minister of Death. By Quentin Reynolds. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

Far the best of the other books is *Eichmann, Minister of Death*, which Quentin Reynolds has based on information obtained by two Israeli journalists. Their account of the actual abduction is an amusing example of inspired fiction; but on Eichmann's past they have obviously had access to a first-rate source. They give, for example, a fascinating account of his early collaboration with the Zionists in Germany and of a journey he made to Palestine in 1938, under the aegis of the Haganah.

At that time the Gestapo and the Haganah had a common enemy, the British mandatory authority, and a common aim – to get as many Jews as posible out of Germany and into Palestine by illegal immigration. As for Eichmann, the more he saw of his Haganah contacts, the more he liked and admired them. Like many other anti-Semites, he was favourably impressed by the contrast between the supineness of German Jewry and the tough nationalism of the Yishuv.

With the exception of this episode, I have found very little in this new Eichmann literature which adds to the picture of the Chief of IV.B.4 presented by Reitlinger and Poliakov. At first it was Hitler's policy to encourage Jewish emigration – at the price of leaving all their wealth behind them; and Eichmann carried the policy out. Then came the plan for settling the Jews in Madagascar. Eichmann worked out the blueprint with equal fanaticism, at the same time as he organised the ghettoes in eastern Europe. Finally, the orders came for the 'Final Solution', and punctiliously he dropped Madagascar and began to study the technical problems involved in total extermination.

The only arresting feature of Eichmann's personality appears to be his complete featurelessness. He belongs to that army of faceless bureaucrats who conscientiously kept the Third Reich going long after defeat was inevitable. Unlike Himmler, who was not only an earnest racist but a nature-fadist, opposed to blood sports, Eichmann, from what is so far known about him, had no convictions of any kind – and no ambition except to climb the ladder of promotion. We cannot even discover any special wickedness or perverse tastes which would qualify him for becoming the arch criminal, responsible for the destruction of four million Jews.

Even by Nazi standards, Eichmann's obedience to orders and acceptance of the *Führerprinzip* was unusual. True, he increasingly tried to forget his crimes by over-indulging in wine and women. But apparently that was his only departure from the path of duty. Whereas Himmler and some others winced, at least during the later stages of the war, from the Final Solution and tried to ingratiate themselves with the Allies, Eichmann dutifully went on destroying Jews right to the bitter end. Then, years later, thanks to the extremely efficient Nazi 'underground', he turned up in Buenos Aires to lead an utterly dull and conventional second existence with his utterly dull and conventional family.

Unless they have turned up a lot of new evidence, the Israeli prosecutors will find it difficult to convince the world that this super-bureaucrat's participation made much difference to Hitler's Final Solution. If he had been removed, there were thousands of other officials of his rank ready to take over the job. Indeed, Eichmann's faceless insignificance may well give to his indictment a quite unexpected significance. As he stands there in the dock, the world will be inclined to say. 'There, but for the grace of God, goes any one of a score of ex-Nazis who are now Adenauer's leading officials.'

Ben Gurion has been at pains to establish friendly relations between Israel and the Federal Republic, and I doubt whether it was his intention, when he had Eichmann abducted, to stage the indictment of the whole German *Beamtentum*. But that is one of the most likely consequences of the case.

The Germans, however, can look after themselves. What concerns me is the effect the trial will have on the relation of Jew and Gentile in the western world and on the standing of Israel. The Israeli Premier clearly holds the view that, in the interests of the Jews, we should be made to think long and often about Auschwitz and Buchenwald. But is he right? After the liberation I spent a whole day in Dachau, when the naked corpses were piled high outside the gas chamber and the inmates were still dying in their hundreds of typhus and starvation. A few weeks later I sat for two or three days, viewing all the film taken of the camps. Our job was to decide what should be shown in Germany for re-education purposes.

Unanimously we decided that a full-length feature film, made up of the horror shots that we had seen, would have the reverse effect to that intended. Instead of shocking the Germans into repentence, it would deaden their nerves, as it had deadened our nerves, and make them, as it had made us, see wickedness as a routine. I had found at Dachau that the most horrifying thing was not the state of the prisoners but my own reaction to it. How rapidly I got acclimatised, and how soon my fear of getting typhus from the living skeletons who tried to kiss me outweighed my sympathy with them! The reaction of a reader to a book, or of a spectator to a trial in which such horrors are retailed, is likely to be not much better. Instead of rousing their moral indignation, it may merely brutalise their instincts.

In the Christian world, where anti-Semitism is endemic, this danger is increased if the victims are Jews. I know of no evidence to suggest that anti-Semitism is quenched by retailing the horrors of the pogrom. I know of a good deal of evidence to suggest that it thrives on them. And the danger is increased when it is Jews who are conducting the propaganda. That is why I am afraid that, if the trial of Eichmann creates the impression of a Biblical act of vengeance, its net effect in the West will be to ferment a great deal of suppressed but real anti-Jewish feeling.

What consequences it will have inside Israel and on Israel's prestige abroad it is far more difficult to guess. It might conceivably educate any *sabra* who is losing his Jewish consciousness and becoming a young nationalist, with a resentment against Zionism. But its main effect, I fear, will be harmful: it will only confirm the impression that the 'Activism' of Ben Gurion and such young lieutenants as Peres and Dayan has now developed to a point where it makes a virtue of disregarding world opinion.

The Eichmann affair cannot be judged in isolation: it must be seen in connection with a number of other episodes in recent Israeli history – the Sinai campaign; the ever closer association with France and thereby with French policy in Algeria; the mystery – whether fact or fiction – of the Israeli atomic bomb; and, most recently, the Lavon affair. Each of these episodes, taken separately, can be defended as the kind of tough self-assertion one can expect from the government of a young, pioneering Jewish nation. But, when you put them together, they present a disconcertingly ruthless pattern of behaviour, in some ways more akin to the ideals of the white settler than to those of the Socialist pioneers who started the National Home.

Enemies will say that, with its growing self-confidence, the Israeli nation is emerging in its true colours. I prefer to think of these episodes as transient excesses caused by the overlong predominance of one exuberant personality – and his lieutenants.

A Talk with Nyerere

Our Commonwealth Correspondent recently held a long conversation, which was recorded, with Julius Nyerere, leader of the Tanganyika African National Union, who is now leading the African side at the constitutional talks with the Colonial Secretary at Dar-es-Salaam.

We publish below extracts from their talk.

Question: To what would you ascribe the exceptionally smooth transition to independence by Tanganyika?

Answer: I think the explanation is historical; many things have combined to give us in Tanganyika the success that we have achieved. One is the fact that, being a trust territory, we did not attract large numbers of settlers; and so, although we are classified among the so-called multi-racial societies, the settlers did not have actual power. Thus when we began organising for independence, we could direct our struggle against the colonial powers as such and not against a European minority in Tanganyika.

Q: But you did have trouble with the Europeans at one time.

A: Yes, we did have trouble; but, as it became clear that we were succeeding and that all the time we were emphasising that our struggle was not directed against any European settler in the country, the Europeans were able to accept what was happening.

Q: Do you think the Europeans in Tanganyika have fully accepted African majority government now?

A: I think they have. If you went to the Northern Province now, you would find it the province with the greatest confidence in the country. Yet that was the province which used to have the diehard European settlers.

Q: And what about your economic problems?

A: Our economic problems, I think, are going to be more difficult, and again for the historical reasons which I will explain. You see, Tanganyika has been of all the East African countries the most backward in every respect, except that now we are leading politically. But economically we are still undeveloped. However, with the political stability that we have, I have no doubt that we shall get the assistance that we need from ouside and that you will see an economic activity which will change the face of our country in a very short time.

Q: Where do you hope to get most of the

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economic assistance for new development?

A: I have been to Germany to try to interest the Germans in the colonial development of Tanganyika. I think I succeeded; and I hope I shall be able to get assistance from the UK, from Germany, and from the United States.

Q: And what about the United Nations?

A: I don't think we can rely on the United Nations for financial aid, because, after all, they don't have the money; but we can get men from them and I hope we shall.

Q: You don't fear that getting economic assistance from individual countries will bring with it any kind of ties?

A: Unfortunately, I have that fear; but I don't know what the solution is. We have one of two alternatives; either we accept help from the nations which are able to give it; or we refuse that and insist that all aid is channelled through the UN. If we refuse to take assistance from individual nations, I'm afraid we shall remain without assistance.

Q: What about the Communist countries?

A: I am quite willing myself to get assistance from the Communist countries.

Q: You don't think that will bring political strings.

A: I think, frankly, that you can't avoid some political strings, from any country.

Q: What about your hopes for federation between the three East African territories?

A: The furthest we have gone so far is to make the argument about federation public; and, as far as I know, there is nobody in East Africa against the idea of federation, except perhaps the Baganda; but the rest of the countries in East Africa accept the federation, at least in principle, which is a step forward. I think they have also accepted the argument in principle that we should achieve federation before the separate countries have achieved complete independence.

Q: What are the main advantages of such a federation?

A: Many. First, a negative one. You stop the permanent Balkanisation of East Africa. If you look at the map in West Africa at present, I think it is terrifying that these tiny little units have achieved their independence as separate units – and the chances of re-uniting them and stopping permanent Balkanisation have thus been reduced. If we in Africa really want to have a say in the councils of the world, the bigger the units, the better. And economically too, I think we can develop these countries much better if we combine our resources in bigger units.

Q: Do you think the prospects are good for federation in East Africa?

A: I think at present the chances are 50:50. My own argument is that we should move on to a federal structure now, so that we come out of colonial status as one unit. But I say 50:50 because it all depends upon what happens in Kenya and Uganda. I couldn't possibly be expected to sit down with the *Governor* of Kenya and the *Governor* of Uganda to talk about the federation of East Africa. I would sit with the two *Chief Ministers* to discuss it. But I don't know when we are going to have Chief Ministers in Uganda and Kenya. When we get them, then we will try to meet as quickly as possible to find out whether the others accept the principle of federation as much as we accept it in Tanganyika.

Q: How long are you prepared to hold up independence in Tanganyika?

A: I have no intention of holding up the independence of Tanganyika – I should like to achieve independence now.

Q: Before federation?

A: Before federation. But if we move on to a federal structure at once, I am not going to lead a secessionist movement in Tanganyika. In that event East Africa would become one country, and I should not act like the Baganda and rush to declare independence. So the date of the independence of East Africa will be determined by East Africa. I am not going to determine it in Tanganyika. It may come this year, it may come next year.

Q: But, if you don't move on to a federal structure before any of the three territories becomes independent, you will still pursue federation after independence?

A: Yes. But I feel that after independence it is going to be much more difficult.

Q: You have already had talks with Dr Banda and with Kenneth Kaunda and Harry Nkumbula. Do you see the possibility of extending your federation to Central Africa, at least to British protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland?

A: If my arguments are accepted, I would use the same principles not only in East Africa, but in Central Africa too, that you have got to have democratically-elected governments before their leaders can meet and talk about federation.

Q: Looking ahead, a federation involving the East and Central African territories might solve a lot of economic problems.

A: Well, that is one advantage of federation. Frankly, if you could have a freely-entered federation from Nairobi to Salisbury, you would have the biggest and the most highly-developed unit on the African continent, with the exception of South Africa.

Q: Yes. And then, of course, South Africa would be even more isolated?

A: And then South Africa would be in real trouble.

Q: Have you any general views about developments throughout the continent of Africa – any hopes for the future?

A: I think we may commit the same silly mistakes that have been committed by the other nations of the world. First, we are in danger of becoming the most Balkanised continent of the world. Unless we are careful, we are going to find ourselves, after the present wave of nationalism which is temporarily binding Africa together, entering a period of 18th-century nationalism. The mistakes which have been committed in Europe are obvious. If we don't avoid them, we shall get into trouble; and what is more, we shall lose the opportunity of helping the progress of history. We are not, for instance, an armed continent. We come to independence, when the world is frightened and talking about disarmament and all that. Now, one thing Africa could do, which could be very helpful, is to refuse to arm. And there would be very good reasons for such a refusal. If we arm in Tanganyika, no one would believe me if I said we were arming in order to defend Tanganyika from possible aggression by Britain or America or India or China or the USSR, because I could never defend Tanganyika against these world powers. So why should we arm? We could only be arming against Kenya or Nyasaland or Uganda. It is madness for Africa at this stage to arm against Africans. One contribution I think we could make to the present history of the world, is to refuse to arm – and really set an example to the other continents of the world.

The Next Scroll?

MAURICE RICHARDSON

This particular Essene community, in so far as it had any fixed base, was in a cave half way up a cliff a few miles outside Jericho. There is now a tiny Greek Orthodox monastery and church on this site which has become associated with the Temptation.

The Essenes lived their strange, remote, unworldly life. They thrived in this low-down plain. They liked the strong climate. The plants, which when you look at them today remind you of sink-scrubbers, seemed to them friends.

They also liked the Jericho oasis with its delicious green triangle on the umber surround. There were 40 of them. Their discipline was self-imposed. They had succeeded in living a life that managed to obey the Greek principle of Meden Agan; but they took into full account the need for never being immoderately moderate. Their physiological rhythms were peculiar. They fasted often but used the sun for vitamins. They got a high protein diet from locusts, and plenty of other essentials from wild honey. Their sex life was temperate. They loved everybody including themselves. How they avoided clashes with husbands – and wives – we do not know. But whenever anyone had lain with an Essene he or she always seemed to love everybody else more. Perhaps that is how they avoided unpopularity.

Often they swam in the ludicrously buoyant water of the nearby Dead Sea. This was a sea on which you really could almost walk.

The Prior – let us call him that – of the Community was given to periodical wandering. One day he said to his nearest disciple: 'My feet are restless. I want to walk a long way again. Eastwards, of course. I might be gone two or three years. I am old now' – he was in fact 76 – 'and this will probably have to be my last long walk. You are to take care of everybody and do not be too clever, if you please.'

The Deputy Prior had few problems to solve. Then, one morning, he was sitting on a rock watching a black Agamid lizard doing its menacing little exercise – exactly like press-ups – when a shadow crossed his foot. He looked round and saw a young member of the Community. This was a lean athletic looking Judeo-Roman of singular charm. He was much loved.

He told the Deputy-Prior that he was feeling troubled in mind. The Deputy-Prior listened with sympathy. Presently he remembered a fragment of Taoist wisdom. 'My brother,' he said. 'I do think your trouble is, if not a serious one, at least a real trouble. May I, without offending you, say that you are just a little ill?'

'Yes. That is how I feel.'

'Then you do not need me to tell you the remedy. If you are ill go out and heal somebody.'

Soon after this conversation, which took

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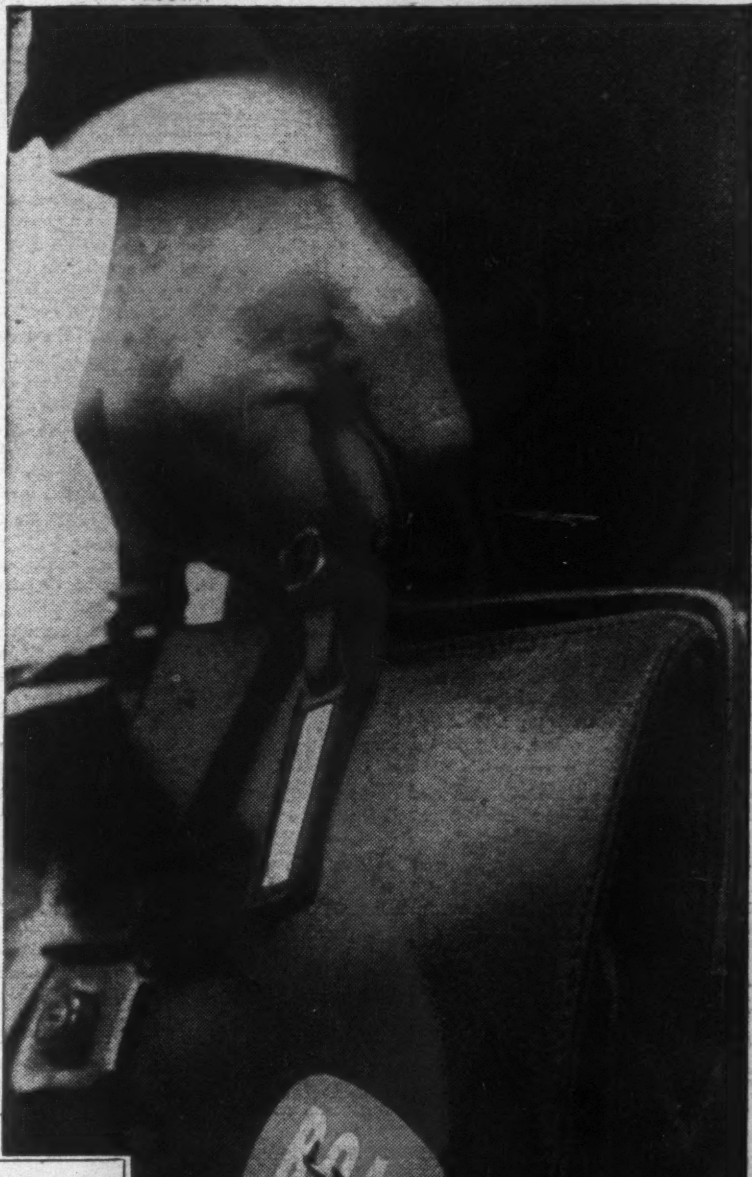
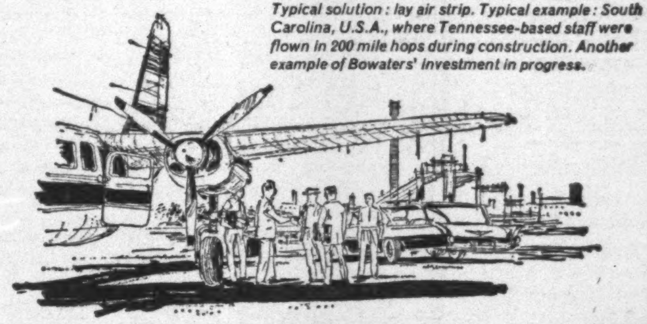


U.S.A. AIR-LIFT *Typical problem : build pulp mill in distant forests. Typical solution : lay air strip. Typical example : South Carolina, U.S.A., where Tennessee-based staff were flown in 200 mile hops during construction. Another example of Bowaters' investment in progress.*



Bowaters...investing in progress

IN GREAT BRITAIN · CANADA · UNITED STATES OF AMERICA · AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · SOUTH AFRICA
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place in approximately the year AD 29, the younger member of the Essene Community left. There was nothing uncommon in this. The Essenes came and went.

Two or three years later the Prior returned from his last long walk. He was received with the usual calm yet warm greeting. It was in the Spring. The *khamsin* – that beastly sand-stormy electric nervous wind – was blowing. A great black cloud was piled up high to the north. It looked as if it must burst but it didn't. Even the Essenes found this weather trying, despite their equanimity.

The Prior asked his Deputy how everybody was. He looked round. Then he said: 'But isn't there one missing?'

'Oh yes,' said the Deputy. And he told him about the interview with the young man.

The Prior listened. He scratched in the sand with his stick. He said: 'I told you not to be too clever.'

'But, Master, what should I have said to him?'

'What was his trade?'

'He used to be a carpenter.'

'You should have told him to go back to a carpenter's shop. The poor fellow was probably wood-starved. That is one of our troubles here. It is so very dry. Let us see if we can find out what has become of him. I hate hurrying, but I think this may be a rather urgent thing.'

A moderately factual account of the Crucifixion was given to the Essenes by a wandering Bedouin the next morning. The Deputy-Prior wept bitterly. His Master comforted him. 'Never mind,' he said. 'These things happen, and it is often impossible to prevent them happening. Naturally we grieve for him. But I am even more unhappy when I think of the chaos which will follow.'

The Voice of the Turtle-dove

ANTHONY CARSON

Vence is a sober spot, half way between small town and village, pigeon grey, sly with arches, and linked by a whispering plot of fountains. In the main tree-heavy square you can sit in the autumn sunshine, still burning like a half-cooled iron, sip *pastis* and read the local newspapers. One called *La Patriote* is Communist, and at the time of our arrival it was throwing huge over-ripe verbal tomatoes at General de Gaulle.

One one side of this square is a smart but modest bar called Pierre's Bar. For one day, with the help of the Syndicat d'Initiative, we had been hunting for furnished rooms, and had given up, when an elderly lady, the owner of a residence called the Poet's Nest, had firmly closed the door in our noses. 'It is a pity,' said Mart, 'because it would have been a good address.' Now, after a woman's radar look, she decided Pierre would solve our problems.

This was true, Pierre was a true Provençal, thin and yellow as lemon peel, wrestling with some gnawing rat of an illness, man of all trades, married to a commanding lady who loved small talk and the discreet accumulation of money. We went in. There were a few people in the bar, elderly, well-off, artistic, who, you felt, had made a hard bargain for giving up.

'I have furnished rooms,' said Pierre, 'and all mod cons.' The price was 16,000 francs a month.

'Yes,' we said immediately, even before viewing. We were shown around by Pierre. The flat was on the third floor; two rooms; soft Provençal view; good intimate furnishing and colour; running hot water from Butagas installation for washing-up, basin and bidet; own private, modern lavatory.

The first night's sleeping was like a long convalescence. We were woken up twice about dawn by a soft eruption of turtle-doves. This was strange, even magic, because the owner's name was Pierre Tortorolo which, in Nicoison Italian means 'turtledove'. Pierre Turtledove. When we woke up properly it was raining, an even more hopeless rain than London, and we looked out of the windows at the weeping trees and the curling white breath of the mountains. The land looked like a beaten woman and the turtle-doves cried her shame. There they were, in fact, below us, eight of them. Four of them were flattened on the window sills, two immolated on a nearby roof top, the other pair copulating.

We had a morning drink at Pierre's. He talked about people. Marc Chagall used to live here and an Englishman called Lawrence. He was here, near the railway station, three or four years. During this period he wrote a book, The Lover of Lady Chatterly. No, he hadn't read it; Madame did all the reading. Lawrence died in this very place. He used to come to Pierre's Bar again and again. No, he couldn't really remember him, he was one of the crowd.

The sun came out; Mart went shopping; I sat in the square reading the *Patriote*. There was a front-page rear-attack on de Gaulle, and the rest of the paper was given up to murders, apart for an outcry against a proposal to drop radio-active material into the Mediterranean between Corsica and St Raphael. All the murders were well documented and had the air of being written by an ingenious, but mad film director of the Thirties. They mostly occurred in lonely farm-houses.

Monsieur H, for instance, had been clubbed and throttled to death by his wife, children and father-in-law, after muddling up some sheep while the worse for drink. The family group then sat down to a late lunch, before the father-in-law telephoned the police. Then again, Monsieur V, owing to family troubles, had written to the local paper and the superintendent of police, informing them that he was on the point of committing suicide, and gratefully leaving his house appurtenances and utensils to the superintendent. Monsieur V's house was immediately surrounded by firemen and other officials, but there was no Monsieur V. He telephoned a few minutes later from a nearby village, apologising for the trouble, but explaining that the walls were porous and the gas had escaped.

General relief was expressed, but Monsieur V (this was actually reported in the next issue) returned home and shot himself, leaving a note which again left his household goods to the superintendent. Some grim comic relief was provided by an elderly farm labourer out for a shoot who hid himself in a bush and imitated a blackbird. Unfortunately a sporting taxi-driver was after this very bird and shot the farm-labourer in the face. All, however, ended well, reported the paper, since the pellets were easily removed and the labourer was able to return to work the same afternoon.

We travelled down to Nice on the Lambretta. You can free-wheel down a quarter of the way. In the middle of the journey is a valley with a sea of vines and olives and

EASTER MARCHES

ALDERMASTON Falcon Field Noon	**Good Friday**	**WETHERSFIELD** Finchingfield Noon
READING King's Meadows 9 a.m.	**Easter Saturday**	**BRAINTREE** Meadowside 8.30 a.m.
SLOUGH High Street 9.30 a.m.	**Easter Sunday**	**BRENTWOOD** Shenfield Common 9.30 a.m.
CHISWICK Turnham Green 9.30 a.m. Hammersmith Kensington Gdns. Lunch 12.30 Sloane Street Victoria	**Easter Monday**	**STRATFORD** Plaistow Road 9.30 a.m. Aldgate Smithfield Lunch 1 p.m. Ludgate Circus Embankment

TRAFALGAR SQUARE RALLY 2.30 p.m.

YOUTH CAMPAIGN ***Jazz Band Ball***

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beaches of earth pricked to blood by the hoe. Rising from the flecked sea are islands tapering to shipwrecked castles and towns, grey, rose-headed mariners clinging like limpets to the rock. There is a curd of morning smoke and a muffled bell taps the sky. Here we stopped, as in fine weather we always stopped.

Down below is the village of Cagnes, but between are pockets of heat and cold like the hands of friends or strangers, and a flurry of early smells, the dark bosoms of beech and the thin pine fingers kissed by the sun.

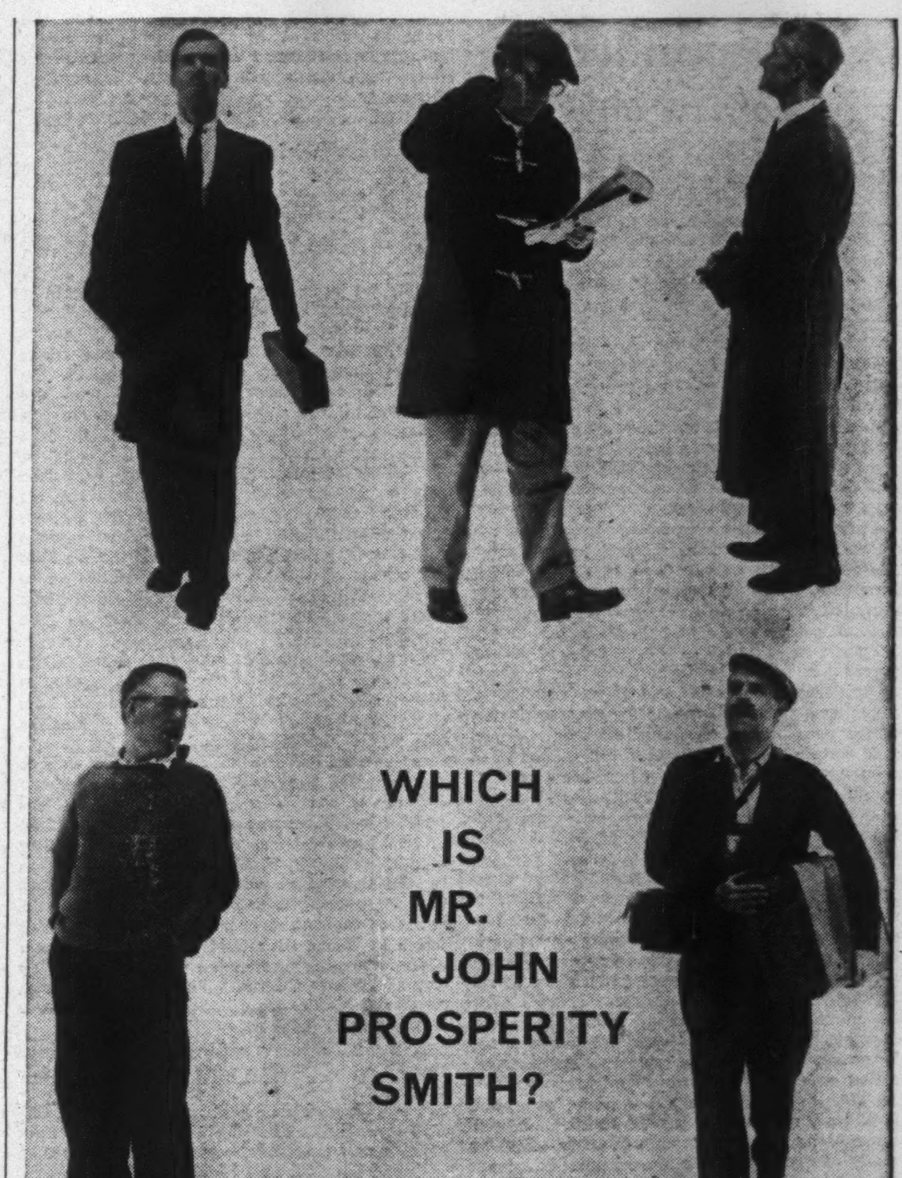
Then here was Nice, and the old holiday sea, blue as a new school exercise book. The same old Nice, creamy, vulgar, out of time, bitter-sweet with the ghosts of dead monarchs and brilliant prostitutes, edging past grubby grandeur to the old sleeping port. This, and Paris, were my ruined pavilions, and I could catch the taste of dead dreams on my tongue like spray.

We parked the Lambretta opposite the Negresco, and went to the beach to have a swim. Amazing bedlam rocked in our eyes. The sea boiled with waves, they galloped to the walls and spumed over the Promenade des Anglais. A huge crowd had collected. There were firemen and policemen and ambulances, and the eyes of the spectators were hard with disaster. They all had that neat look of Mediterranean people to whom nothing could ever happen, the chosen sane, the uncuckolded, unrobbed, sheltered from disease and accident by doctors, God and the municipality. Yet, any time now, the bell would ring for them – the gilded love house, the mad grandmother or the bloody child at the crossroads. Mart, too, was sucked into the crowd, not because she felt immune from horror, but because for her the world was always ending, except in bed. I joined her. Far out at sea we could see a circular rubber object with a body on it. The body was the colour of rotten marble.

'It's a woman,' said Mart. A boat was approaching it, and someone in oilskins leant over the boat and fell in. It was accidental, but nobody in the crowd made a sound. It was as if the visible world were an infamous church. Then two men grappled on to the marble body and slowly dragged it up on to the boat.

It was growing cold. We left the crowd and drove back to Vence. The cool evening perfumes stood beckoning at the corners of the roads. Mart is unable to smell (her sense organs were impaired years ago), and I had to explain the low, sharp and sweet signals in the air. When we got back home we felt exhausted. London sickness (a sense of guilt, mingled with the memory of sandwiches and incestuous Soho pubs) still numbed our brains and bodies. We went straight to bed and slept until the turtle-doves drummed up the sun.

The next morning, in the square opposite Pierre's, I read about the Nice beach catastrophe in the *Patriote*. Mart had been right, the body had been a woman's. It belonged to a Madame N. Inquiries had been made in the neighbourhood, and it transpired that Madame N's husband had made an arrangement with the dead lady's sister to launch her into the strong sea and there be left to perish. The sister, able to swim, had returned to the shore, but instead of returning to her brother-in-law (with whom she had an illicit relationship), she went to her fiancé's house and confessed everything. Her fiancé reported her to the police, and then jumped off a cliff near Monte Carlo.



WHICH
IS
MR.
JOHN
PROSPERITY
SMITH?

All of them.
Each one is an average chap whose
middle name ought to be Prosperity
because of the investment he is making
in his own, and Britain's future,
by his contributions
to industrial life assurance.
Ten million families save in this way,
with the help of their friend and adviser,
the Home Service Insurance Man.

Issued by The Industrial Life Offices Association

Correspondence

FOUR-YEAR PLAN

Sir, – Harold Wilson in his four-year plan calls for an increase in productivity by means of government prodding and inducements. If successful, this will bring us up to the level of the leading economies in western Europe. It can, however, do no more than this.

Despite the dynamic in the West German economy the USSR is producing a higher rate of growth. Those who appreciate the high investment in scientists and technologists in the Soviet Union are convinced that the gap is going to widen. There is, however, one other factor which makes this a certainty. With the growth in consumer goods production the advertising, sales forces, and all other means of persuading the consumer to buy goods to which he previously had only the mildest aspirations are increasing more and more each year.

There are no detailed statistics on all this but we know that advertising is likely to top £450m this year. If we were to add to this a similar figure for other selling aids and the growing army of superfluous salesmen we would be underestimating the total amount of money likely to be diverted to inessential and indeed superfluous services. We know that certain kinds of salesmen are useful. But if we omit retail stores and make allowances for the useful part of the work of technical and delivery salesmen and certain necessary advertising a figure of around 4 per cent of our gross national product would be an underestimate of these wasteful distribution costs. This figure of 4 per cent represents a built-in 'debilitating factor' which is bound in the long run to secure for any country without these disadvantages an overwhelming superiority in the economic race.

Until the public sector becomes the predominant sector of the community, and this is what I understand by the meaning of the 'commanding heights of economy', it will be bound to copy the standards of private firms. The appointment of Dr Beeching is only the latest example. It will only be when the public sector is greater than the private that government action will become possible. Only then will we be able to reduce this debilitating factor and look to a measure of growth comparable with those countries not so handicapped. This is really the case against advertising. It cannot be tampered with in any piecemeal manner. You see, advertising really *is* necessary to post-war capitalism. It is the prop which keeps up the whole structure and its faults are the faults of the entire national system of production and distribution.

Robert Sheldon

West Didsbury
Manchester 20

DISARMAMENT AND THE COMMONWEALTH

Sir, – May I express my surprise that 'progressive' organs of the press, including, for example, the New Statesman and the *Observer*, have paid virtually no attention to the statement made by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers on disarmament?

Of course, it is possible to regard this statement as simply another piece of Cold War propaganda, and to say that the Prime Ministers drew it up without any serious belief that it could lead to practical results. But to take this view is surely to make a most serious accusation against the democratic system for which the Commonwealth stands; it is charging the Prime Ministers with hoodwinking their 650 million people on what they themselves called the most important question in world affairs today.

But if the statement was seriously intended as a statement of Commonwealth policy, it is surely a document of the highest importance. Happily there are grounds for believing that all the Prime Ministers meant exactly what they said, and it may be hoped that public opinion will study their words with the care which they deserve.

Philip Noel-Baker

House of Commons

PORTRAIT OF A KILLER

Sir, – Many of your readers will have been interested to discover in your columns on 24 March the secret of the murder in 1921 of George Clancy, Mayor of Limerick. The identity of the murderer, Captain George Nathan, is something that many have long wanted to know. Yet, in spite of Mr Bennett's revelations, the victim is really of greater interest than the murderer. Clancy was one of James Joyce's closest friends during his undergraduate days at University College, Dublin. He is 'Davin' of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the only friend who calls Stephen Dedalus by his Christian name, and the hero of the episode there related, when a young peasant woman vainly encouraged him to stop for the night in her cottage. It was he who introduced Joyce to Michael Cusack, founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association, who figures in *Ulysses* as 'the Cyclops'.

Clancy was a patriot, who even succeeded in persuading Joyce for a time to take lessons in Irish under Patrick Pearse, and a loveable character who had Joyce's affection – 'Stephen had turned his smiling eyes towards his friend's face, flattered by his confidence and won over to sympathy by the speaker's simple accent' (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*). His portrait can be seen in Plate V (opposite p 240) in R. Ellman's *James Joyce*, in a group along with Joyce and J. F. Byrne. Ellman reminds us (p 62) that 'three of Joyce's closest friends, Clancy, Francis Skeffington, and Thomas Kettle, indicated the extent of the earnestness of their youth by losing their lives in battle, each for a different cause'. Skeffington was murdered by Captain Bowen-Colthurst during Easter Week, 1916, and Kettle was killed in action in France later in the same year.

It seems to me surprising that Mr Bennett should regard Nathan's death in 1937, while commanding the British Company of the International Brigade in Spain, as raising 'unanswerable questions'. I at least have known both saints and friends who served in that force.

W. S. Maguinness

25 Hillway, N6

Sir, – I would like to point out to Richard Bennett that the statement, 'One night in March 1921, two masked men called, successively, at the houses of the Lord Mayor of Limerick, George Clancy, and the ex-Lord Mayor, George O'Callaghan, and shot them dead as in each case they opened the door to their assassins,' which appeared in his article, is not an accurate account of what happened. Dorothy Macardle records, in her monumental work on the period, *The Irish Republic*, that three leading citizens were killed – George Clancy, the Mayor; the former Mayor Michael O'Callaghan, and Joseph O'Donoghue. Mrs O'Callaghan opened the door for the assassins and her husband Michael was murdered at the foot of the stairs where he stood. She, in struggling with the murderers, was shot through the arm.

Mr Bennett's presentation of the story neglects to mention the murder of O'Donoghue.

I remember George Nathan telling us Irish members of the 'First Company' which he commanded in the International Brigade that he had served as an intelligence officer with the British forces in the Limerick area during the Irish War of Independence. He made this statement in the presence of Frank Ryan, who was a native of Limerick. Perhaps it is fair to say that Nathan, the volunteer for liberty, who gave such magnificent service to the anti-Fascist cause in the last year of his life did not seem in character with the officer portrayed in Mr Bennett's article.

Joe Monks

London

ST PAUL AND WOMEN

Sir, – I have given Dr Hemming and (thanks to your generosity with space) your readers an explanation of St Paul's attitude to women and marriage. It is obvious that I have not given him understanding so there is no more to be said except that neither Biblical nor any other sort of scholars work nowadays by putting down a single text as if it were the ace of trumps.

A more interesting point, if I may raise it, concerns V. S. Pritchett's review of the *New English Bible*. Surely the most important question to be asked about any translation is 'How close does it get to the style and spirit of the original'. So the fundamental question here is 'How does one translate Koine Greek into modern English?'. Pritchett comes near to this question in one sentence when he writes: 'This language (vernacular Greek) is freer and commoner than the Greek the old translators knew'. He then, rather uneasily and with several backward glances, dodges the full implications of this fact and takes the translators to task for being 'prose-deaf'. Had he pursued this central question – what was Koine Greek really like? – he might have seen that the cliché-ridden commercial-cum-administrator jargon which the translators occasionally use is not a bad equivalent of the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean Basin in the first century. This mixture of unliterary styles (almost pidgin-Greek in places with occasional beauties, as in St Luke) was concealed by the cadences of the Authorised Version. For those of us who have read English Literature it is a sobering thought that the language of the Holy Ghost (to quote the late Sir Edwyn Hoskyns) was not noted for literary excellence!

Mr Pritchett signs off as one who belongs to an old and superstitious generation which loved remoteness and incantations. This is plain in his review and (if I may use so prose-deaf an expression) deserves our sympathy. Must we really think of him as an old-world dabbler in magic spells, while we *avant-garde* Christians insist that words have meanings which must be rigorously pursued?

Alfred Jowett

The Vicarage
60 Thorne Road
Doncaster

VERWOERD'S LABOUR FORCE

Sir, – Your Johannesburg Correspondent was so wrong in his report published in your issue of 3 March that he raised my temperature here, where the main problem is how to keep cool.

Not two-thirds but one quarter of the 400,000 Africans on the gold mines are recruited outside the Union, and it is precisely this which makes Verwoerd contemptuous of, if not indifferent to, the threat of curtailment of labour from without. It will be an embarrassment but not a disaster to the gold-mining industry if the Salazar regime fails to remain afloat and the Mozambique labour force dries up. But even this is praying for a miracle instead of staring at a fact. If Salazar goes, could Verwoerd be far behind?

Not since 1886 have the gold mines had it so good. Their annual nightmare of not fulfilling the labour complement disappeared in 1948. Their labour force is at a maximum, and their recruiters don't have to shudder at the sound of thunder bringing rain and crops to Pondoland and the Transkei. Recruiting is no longer augmented by drought and rinderpest. The Nationalist administration fills the compounds: a feat which Botha, Smuts and Hertzog could never accomplish. It's not done by mirrors. It is done by administrative pressure and police action – influx control, endorsements in reference books

THE ACCUSED BREAK SILENCE

CHRISTIAN ACTION HAS RECEIVED THIS MOVING APPEAL SIGNED BY THE ACCUSED IN THE TREASON TRIAL:

"As long ago as 1959, the Minister of Justice said: 'the Trial will be proceeded with no matter how many millions of pounds it costs . . . .
'What does it matter how long it takes?'

"But to us, the accused, waiting, day after day, year after year, for the verdict, **it does matter how long it takes.**

"**It matters** to our dependants, with lives disrupted and living insecure.

"**It matters** to our lawyers who have borne the immense burden of this case, and who have had to withdraw from their normal practices, their normal fees greatly cut.

"**It matters** to Christian Action and the others committed to finding the money to pay the legal expenses and to assist our families with the grants, which, modest though they are, have yet been vital.

"**It matters** above all, because there is danger that, unless the response to this last but crucial appeal is adequate, it will not be possible to carry on the Defence in this, the most important stage of the whole trial."

Benson
S. P. Mkaliji
Ahm. Kathrada
E. Moretsele
P. K. Selepe
F. Adams
Leslie Massina
P. Nene
J. Kampeni
J. Nkadimeng
J. Molefe
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MR. MORETSELE HAS DIED SINCE THIS SIGNED APPEAL WAS RECEIVED (pass laws), increased poll-tax, stricter control in the urban locations, more rigid and more inviolable colour bars.

Dr Verwoerd won't behave better as the events in the rest of Africa curtail foreign recruiting of labour for the gold mines. The mining industry won't let him, nor will the white miners, railway men, farmers, postmen, bank clerks, merchants, industrialists, plumbers and tailors, who have all been brought up to believe that their standards of living depend on 400,000 compound labourers getting three shillings a day.

H. M. BASNER

Kunduchi
Dar-es-Salaam

PROBLEMS OF MAURITIUS

SIR, – The population of Mauritius may be doubling itself in 20 years, but the figures quoted in your issue of 10 March are staggering: 'Between 1954 to 1960 (*sic*) the population of the island rose from 420,000 to 650,000' – i.e. by almost 50 per cent in six years! Surely the first figure should be 1945, and not 1954. The rapid rate of increase started after the eradication of malaria in 1948. Otherwise your correspondent's review of the Titmuss and Meade reports is excellent.

May I, however, as a Mauritian and as an ardent advocate of family planning (FP) make two short comments on the situation. First, can anyone reasonably expect FP to achieve appreciable results within ten years in a country where the majority of the adult population is either illiterate or semi-literate and of a low, and falling, standard of living? My country is *already* greatly over-populated: 900 per square mile on a small island with an essentially agricultural economy, no mineral potential nor industrial wealth; and in ten years' time we may reach 1,300 to the square mile, unless a miracle happens – or we organise mass emigration at once. Secondly, why have both missions failed to suggest or even consider emigration to Madagascar? This would presumably involve some sort of political association in the south-western Indian Ocean, but it may well be a possible middle-term solution for Mauritius (which, we are told, is due to become independent soon) and perhaps for Madagascar as well. Indeed the Malagasy Republic is a large, underpopulated, underdeveloped and potentially very rich island, and has many racial and historical ties with Mauritius. Large-scale emigration might help Mauritius while FP gets under way. But if FP does not produce the results expected of it and emigration is not attempted or fails, shall we be left to stew in our own juice?

N. R. BROUARD

New Marston
Oxford

[Sorry. 1954 was a misprint for 1945.]

CLASSIFICATORY DISTORTION

SIR, – I wish 'Charon' would restrain himself from making comments like the one – 'There is something curiously German – German at its worst' on the elderly tycoon who treated himself to the spectacle of the hanging of an elephant. There is no need to be pharisaical about this: I am just as prone as most to impulsive distortions of the classificatory faculty, but I do not commit them to print for the diversion, or seduction, of others whose second thoughts may be less alert.

Apart from the question of taste – about which I could write a second letter – this shaft does not lay the looser and his compatriots open to retaliation. After all, Ingoldsby's My Lord Tomnoddy and his friends were Englishmen, and they are not dead yet.

E. H. CAMPION

8 Lawn Crescent, Kew

THE GREAT DRUG RACKET

SIR, – To fail to nationalise the pharmaceutical industry in 1948 was a mistake.

We would like to draw your attention to a resolution from this branch to last year's annual conference of the Socialist Medical Association, and unanimously adopted by conference. It reads: 'When cheaper BP or BPC equivalents exist for proprietary drugs, they should be automatically dispensed when the corresponding proprietary drug is prescribed.'

Most doctors only know many drugs by their catchy proprietary names; BP or BPC names are often, of necessity, cumbersome and not easily memorised. This, rather than an overt preference for proprietary preparations, is the usual cause for the prescription of these latter by most doctors. A ministerial order to the effect of our resolution would enable the man who knows – the dispensing chemist – to save the Health Service from contributing more public money than absolutely necessary to inflate still further the profits of the private drug industry. It has the added advantage of not interfering with the doctors' freedom to prescribe, nor of further taxing his already overburdened memory.

DAVID BOWSHER
Chairman

Merseyside and North Wales Branch
Socialist Medical Association

GEORGE BARNES

SIR, – In the 30 years of working life that were granted to him, Sir George Barnes enriched many activities, causes, and interests. When he died last September he was Principal of the University College of North Staffordshire; but for many years before that in the BBC and earlier still at the Cambridge University Press, he had used his powers, both directly in his work and also in many ancillary ways, to encourage thought, art and music, to get matters of serious import to society discussed seriously, to support bodies doing many kinds of good that would otherwise have fallen between the two stools of the ineffective individual and the apathetic state, and above all to help young people to discover their true gifts so that they should be equipped both to innovate and to preserve. He showed his own most personal qualities as head of the Third Programme; but in Cambridge, in BBC talks and television, and at Keele he was always ready to give more of himself that it would have been reasonable to ask. He never lost a driving sense of the work remaining to be done.

When he was mortally stricken in mid-career, it seemed not only to his friends but also to a wide circle of those who had come into touch with him through his many interests, that the nation had suffered a grevious loss. But his memory will be best perpetuated if there can be a memorial to him which will carry on the work he had nearest his heart, this was undoubtedly the spreading of education in music. It is hoped therefore to raise a sum which will have to approach £20,000 to be effective to be devoted to the development and teaching of music in the University College of North Staffordshire. The resultant activity to be associated with his name. Subscriptions are invited and should be sent to: Professor W. A. C. Stewart, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Staffs.

Cheques should be made payable to 'University College of North Staffordshire – Sir George Barnes Memorial Fund'.

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JOHN BETJEMAN
HAROLD CLOWES
MICHAEL, EBOR.
ARTHUR ffORDE
A. G. B. OWEN
MALCOLM SARGENT
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

'Cultchaw' and Society

ASA BRIGGS

Raymond Williams did not once mention *Punch* in his *Culture and Society*. Nor did Matthew Arnold in *Culture and Anarchy*. Yet historians interested in 'culture' usually cannot lay their hands off *Punch*. They either spend hours culling from its pages the one perfectly apposite illustration or ravage and ransack what seems to be limitlessly expendable bulky raw material. Writers who call themselves social historians often contrive to make do with *Punch* and very little else. Mrs Alison Adburgham's new book*, described in the blurb as a 'social history of lasting importance', owes whatever importance it may have entirely to the panorama of original drawings and articles in *Punch*. There is plenty of description of what *Punch* said of modes and manners, but little speculation and no analysis. Fortunately the book is well produced, has many bright and lively comments, a genuine period charm and the power to divert and to entertain. Not mentioning G. M. Young in her flimsy bibliography. Mrs Adburgham evidently believes that instead of the social historian being required to 'read, read, read until he hears the people of the past talking', he should look, look, look until he sees the people of the past laughing. Not that he need always laugh himself. Historians may have regarded *Punch* as a key to the understanding of English society, but they have seldom thought it indispensable to laugh at its jokes.

Mrs Adburgham is concerned only with one side of *Punch* – fashion history. She begins, however, by saying that she interprets fashion history widely to include not only the history of clothes, cosmetics and coiffure, but the story of changes in the 'whole contemporary social scene'. Manners, pastimes, discoveries, innovations and fads are thus relevant to her. She goes further still, and says that she is also interested in language, relations between the sexes and social attitudes.

These are big themes which penetrate the iridescent surface of society and reach the molten core. In fact, Mrs Adburgham stays comfortably on the surface. She does not clearly distinguish between Society and society. She has a little to say, as *Punch* always had much to say, about the shifting nuances of status-seeking, but the relationship of the quest for status to more profound economic and social changes is not examined. Nor does she ever pause in her running commentary on the Social Scene to direct attention to the social pre-conditions of Carlyle's 'indubitabilities of domestic fact', including ample, cheap, but, fortunately for *Punch*, never completely reliable or predictable domestic service.

She picks and chooses among the discoveries and innovations: there is something, though not enough, for example, about the telephone, but nothing about radio or the gramophone. Lady Grove's anticipation of U and non-U in 1906 is duly noted, yet no attention is given to developments, often prompted by advertising, in the basic vocabulary of fashion, including the usage of guiding words like 'modern'. 'I wish you weren't so modern, Mother,' reads a caption on a delightful *Punch* cartoon of 1930, 'it's terribly out of date.'

The balance of ancient and modern in *Punch* itself is as interesting as the jokes themselves. One thing that does not emerge clearly from Mrs Adburgham's book is the personality of *Punch*. If you stick to clothes, cosmetics and coiffure, doubtless *Punch* may be regarded simply as a mirror, reflecting honestly what people wore and looked like rather than what designers and advertisers wanted them to wear and look like. A page of *Punch* may be worth more to you than ten pages of fashion plates. If, however, you turn to manners, pastimes, discoveries, innovations and fads, *Punch* does not simply reflect. It intervenes and interprets. From the start (1841) it had its own views about society (and Society), and very quickly it was drawn into its own illustrated critique of what it disdainfully came to call 'cultchaw'.

During the early 1840s, under the influence of Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold, it was a radical paper both socially and politically, a 'universal railer', in the words of its first historian, 'strong in the sense in which an onion is strong'. In *Punch in London*, one of a cluster of outspoken, popular publications which preceded *Punch* proper, Jerrold had pressed enthusiastically for a full radical remedy to overcome the evils of the age:

> Nine tenths of the tithes, nine tenths of the taxes, the whole of the Crown Lands, Ditto – the Church Lands. To be mixed up with Short Parliaments, Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot and given to productive Labour. This dose to be taken immediately.

Punch planned to add to this programme an attack on capital punishment. The most striking garment mentioned in its early numbers was not a novelty of a Paris fashion house but Tom Hood's famous shirt.

By 1848 there were many signs of change, and a cartoon, reproduced by Miss Adburgham, has as its caption, '"Well, Dear; so we are to be invaded by the French!" "Lor! How nice! Why then we shall have all the French Fashions directly they come out."' Yet the militant reputation of the paper persisted. Jerrold and Thackeray heard an old gentleman in a railway carriage in 1848 complaining that the 'conductors' of *Punch* were 'Chartists, Deists, Anarchists, Socialists to a man.' He had it on the best authority, he went on, that they met together once a week in a tavern in St Giles', where they concocted their poison. 'The chief part of their income is derived from Threatening Letters which they send to the Nobility and Gentry.'

Thackeray was suspicious of Jerrold's passionate social indignation, and during the mid-Victorian years of prosperity and equipoise *Punch* increased its circulation to 40,000 at the expense of losing some of its early fire. John Leech, the artist, knew how to appeal to his more refined public. He liked well-dressed, well-bred and refined men and 'pretty women of the normal, wholesome English type.' 'He conformed quite spontaneously and without effort,' one of his well-known successors, George du Maurier remarked, 'to the upper-class British ideal of his time, and had its likes and dislikes.' So too did John Tenniel, whose knighthood was a tribute to the transformation of *Punch*.

When Leech died in 1864 several artists divided his inheritance, and the lighter or 'gentler' side of the paper was still further developed. Du Maurier, in his own words, was the 'tenerino' of the new company. To him were allotted the 'social and domestic dramas, the nursery, the schoolroom, the dining and drawing rooms, and the croquet-lawns of the more or less well-to-do'. These were familiar places to *Punch's* readers. Tenniel expressed widely held views about distant politics in Burma or Bengal: the social cartoons played safely with the world that was known in Surrey and Sussex. The probing ceased. Only a few unrepentant critics of society complained not of the lack of sweetness and light in *Punch* but of the absence of toughness and heat.

As *Punch* ceased to explore society, it exposed 'cultchaw'. Most of its artists and writers conceived of 'cultchaw' merely as a social aberration, or rather as a series of aberrations, some of them very funny. It was an affair of fads and crazes rather than of values and principles, of *ism* succeeding *ism* as one false and futile prophet gave way to another. The people who 'believed in it' were a race apart who looked different and behaved differently from the rest of the community. A characteristic cartoon of 1882 consists of two pictures of a young man and woman depicted against a favourite seaside setting. The long caption reads, 'He had gone in for Fashion, she for Mind and Culture. He listened and loved. She saw and was conquered. They both secretly resolved to make themselves worthy of each other in every respect. Their next meeting.' In the first picture the young woman looks as only a *Punch* culture-girl could look – appallingly dressed (in a cultural fashion), bespectacled, 'intense', and carrying a book in her hand and a scroll beneath her arm. The young man is immaculate. In the second picture the appearances are reversed. 'Cultchaw' depended not only on temperament but on gullibility, posture and absurd disguises.

Punch made the worst of Oscar Wilde. It also had good fun with Ibsen and, 40 years later, with Freud. When the proper occasion presented itself, it could also be unpleasantly serious. In 1895, when the late Victorian revolt was being crushed, it in-

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**A Punch History of Manners and Modes, 1841-1940.* By ALISON ADBURGHAM. *Hutchinson.* 63s.

cluded a little poem called 'Reaction, 1895', which deserves a fuller commentary than Mrs Adburgham gives to it:

> Extravagance, and levity, and fads
> Have been o'erdone, it seems, since Eighteen eighty
> (Or thereabouts); but, our observer adds,
> John Bull has this year grown more wise and weighty,
> Less 'new', less yellow – and has chucked the Rads . . .
> Then here's for cricket in this year of Grace,
> Fair-play all round, straight hitting and straight dealing
> In letters, morals, art and commonplace
> Reversion unto type in deed and feeling –
> A path of true Reaction to retrace.

'True reaction' of the 1895 type was a far more rare reaction on the part of *Punch* than continuous preoccupation with fashion and foible, 'the trivia of daily life'. The attack on 'cultchaw' may well have begun as part of a healthy campaign against cant and hypocrisy, but it ended in philistinism. People with ideas had to be funny. They were not, of course, the only people who were funny – foreigners were always funny – but people with ideas, particularly when they were women, were very funny indeed. In the struggle between Fashion on the one side and Mind and Culture on the other Fashion had to win. Mrs Adburgham is content with the victory. To her it is the understanding of the trivia of daily life in times gone by, not the study of great issues, which 'quickens the dead past.' For all her talk of the need to study innovations, language and social attitudes, she falls a victim to the prevalent passion of social historians to draft definitional self-denying ordinances and defines her subject as 'social history without the poverty'. So it might be if it were restricted to the history of clothes, cosmetics and coiffure, but once it takes in the 'whole contemporary social scene' (and I agree with Mrs Adburgham that it should) then it must surely range far more widely and probe more deeply.

Just because of its slant, *Punch* remains an indispensable source for the historian who wishes to understand English culture and society. The culture, or rather middle-class sub-culture, which it represented until its return in recent years (after the period covered in Mrs Adburgham's book) to genuine and searching social satire remains so remarkably persistent that many old jokes are far from stale. An afternoon with 19th century volumes of *Punch* is not all that different from an evening with Paul Slickey. A week of afternoons would get rather fatiguing as entertainment merged into research. Of course, both the entertainment and the research would be more rewarding if other magazines were studied as well as *Punch*. The journalistic context in which it has discussed mind and fashion has changed as much as the bigger cultural context. The growth of women's magazines is one of the biggest changes. Most *Punch* anthologists forget this. They doubtless follow in the great tradition of Mark Lemon, who is said to have believed in 'one God, one woman, one publication'.

Oban Regatta

Down the long slide the bent yachts keel
Till a white sharkskin fin rips slipways
Through the salt of sperm and spectrum,
A seal that waltzes through the waves
Burying his head in grief for love
Turning in the merman's grave.

Down the projected sound track wheeling
Cameras of sun to snap and dip
Exposures of the filmed flashing atoms
Bubbling in the effervescent bay.
The combs comb out whatever's not required.
The sound mirror carries the sirens away.

Layer on layer of colour reels
Net and plumb-line out to grip
Our rigging, playing like a plectrum
Arpeggios on an ascending scale.
Honed by a bland wind on the land, they
Mull our wine in the bowl of the gale.

A pistol, and all rippling eels
Crag and pilot, cape and ship,
Abstract from the scene what they become
As wrinkles of worry on the ageless sea's
Face, dissolve, though the vision narrows
Spinning us into the maze of a breeze.

J. F. HENDRY

Magi

The abstracts hover like dull angels:
Nothing so vulgar as a nose or an eye
Bossing the ethereal blanks of their face-ovals.

Their whiteness bears no relation to laundry,
Snow, chalk or suchlike. They're
The real thing, all right: the Good, the True –

Salutary and pure as boiled water,
Loveless as the multiplication table.
While the child smiles into thin air.

Six months in the world, and she is able
To rock on all fours like a padded hammock.
For her, the heavy notion of Evil

Attending her cot is less than a belly ache,
And Love the mother of milk, no theory.
They mistake their star, these papery godfolk.

They want the crib of some lamp-headed Plato.
Let them astound his heart with their merit.
What girl ever flourished in such company?

SYLVIA PLATH

In Evening Air

I

A dark theme keeps me here,
Though summer blazes in the vireo's eye.
Who would be half possessed
By his own nakedness?
Waking's my care –
I'll make a broken music, or I'll die.

II

Ye littles, lie more close!
Make me, O Lord, a last, a simple thing
Time cannot overwhelm.
Once I transcended time
A bud broke to a rose,
And I rose from a last diminishing.

III

I look down the far light
And I behold the dark side of a tree
Far down a billowing plain,
And when I look again,
It's lost upon the night –
Night I embrace, a dear proximity.

IV

I stand by a low fire
Counting the wisps of flame, and I watch how
Light shifts upon the wall.
I bid stillness be still.
I see, in evening air,
How slowly dark comes down on what we do.

THEODORE ROETHKE

I Was a Gulli-Gulli Man's Chicken

Come to terms with one's environment, you say?
Grass, grit and weather should be my environment:
I find myself a card, any card, in any pack of cards.

My master cannot do more than he can do.
(The greatest of beings suffers his own limitations.)
My master has almost come to terms with his environment.

Which means: Be startling but not shocking.
Be funny but clean. Be efficient but seem kindly.
He walks a tightrope. The tightrope is me.

Passed under summer frocks, I fight with elastic;
Planted in large bosoms, I beat my head on brassières;
Marooned on barren waists, I skate on whalebone.

Do you know what human flesh smells like, as the
Whole of one's environment? The stuffiness of cotton,
The uncertainty of silk, the treachery of nylon?

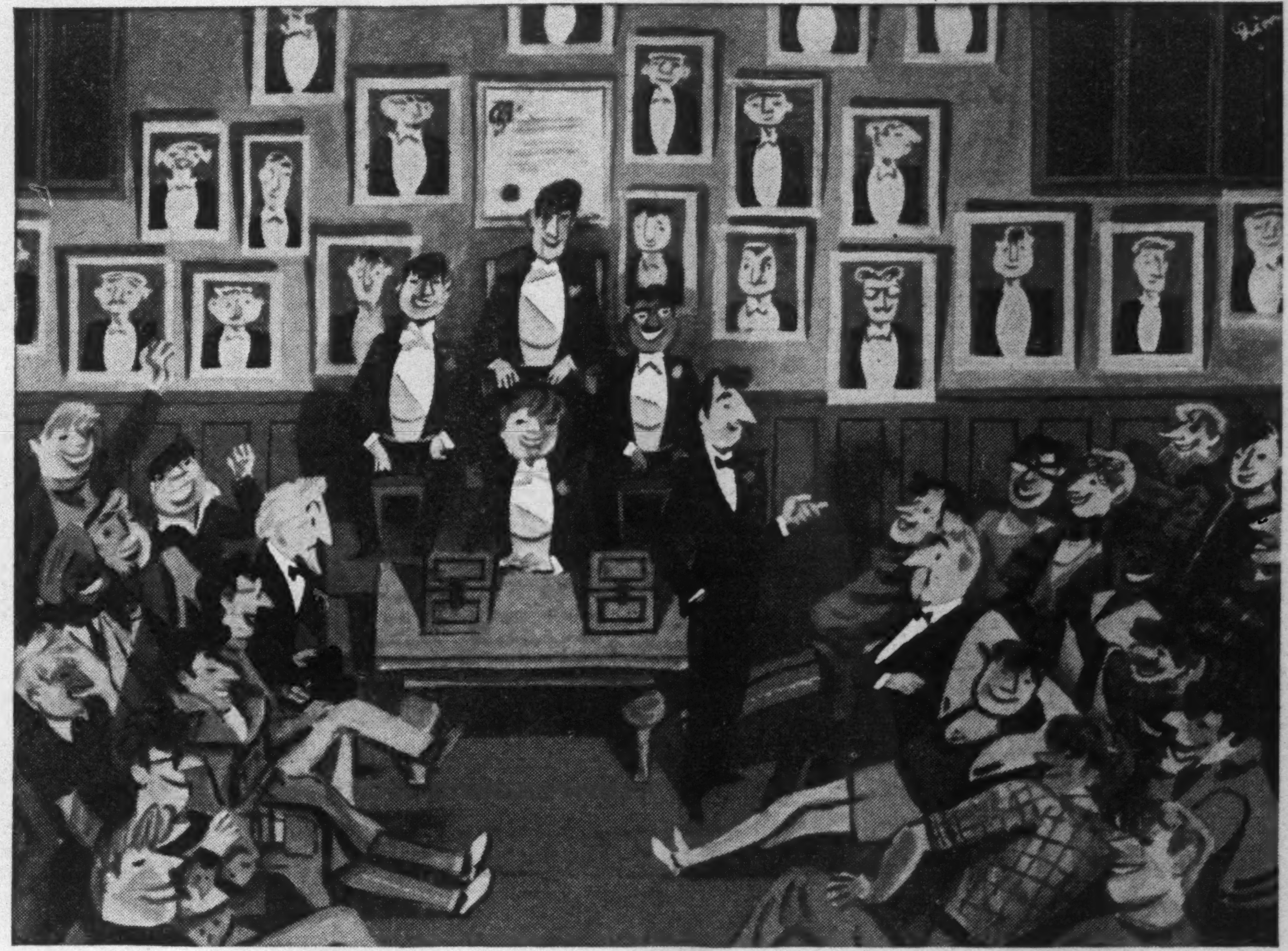
Do you know that on the first-class deck, P & O,
My anus is lightly sewn up? The greatest of beings
Must please most of the people most of the time.

My master is all for cleanliness. How much
Cleanliness can a small animal like me endure?
How much being lost, do you think? How much handling?

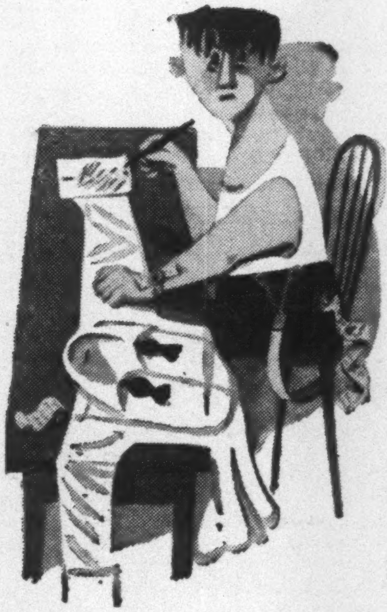
They have invented toys which look like us.
It's little wonder that we living creatures
Should be held as toys. But cheaper, cheaper.

So I have come to terms with my environment.
Which is: hands that grasp me like a wheel or lever,
And an early (but at least organic) disappearance.

D. J. ENRIGHT



The University of Schweppshire



THE UNIVERSITY UNION. Schweppshire's Oldbrick defers to tradition but it also reserves the right to be more so. Example: in the older universities Usual Stuff formed the basis of education. General cultural amelioration existed, in fact it was often said that actually really that was what one went there for. People were inclined to join Groups, originate film societies, or play some form of 'cello; yet the thing never achieved higher than Outside Activity status.

But at Oldbrick, Outside is Inside. Once the student has passed Irresponsions and Tinigo he can take his degree in, say, Union Debating. Here, indeed, we actually see them on the spot studying for their D.E.B.S.O.C. It is possible to obtain an Artsmastery in sitting in official positions with poise and imperturbability; a Baccalaureate in being a member of an audience with informality and indifference; and a Pestmastership in making visiting notabilities feel awkward and out of place by confining them to one small sherry two hours before speaking time, and preparing the way for their appearance by a flood of incomprehensible local references in order to confuse them with inexplicable laughter. A minor Exhibitionism, worth £8 a year, is given (see inset) for the preparation of the prepared impromptu.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

M–O

Britain Revisited. By TOM HARRISSON. *Gollancz.* 25s.

In 1936-37 Tom Harrisson and his team of Mass-Observers spent a year in Worktown, which is Bolton, taken as representative of the industrial towns of the North. Back in England last year on leave from his job as an anthropologist in Borneo, he returned to Bolton to see how life there today compared with that of a quarter of a century ago. In the course of describing the differences and similarities – not only of life in Bolton but also of life in Blackpool, the traditional local version of the Great Good Place – he recounts the history of Mass-Observation, which began in 1935 as an open conspiracy of largely amateur anthropologists and is at present a commercial market research organisation.

The book is an amiable hotch-potch – and I use the word with no malicious intent, borrowing it from the postscript by the cofounder of M-O, Charles Madge, who refers to 'the hotch-potch character of M-O publications': *Britain Revisited* reads like a mixture of them all. It contains much that is interesting, the most important being Harrisson's discovery of what he calls 'the astonishing areas of unchange'. Despite the effects of the welfare state and full employment, to say nothing of universal television, the underlying patterns of life, the assumptions by which people live, remain much the same as they were in the days of the depression.

Clogs and shawls have almost gone, cremation is ousting burial, the cotton mills are no longer even the principal places of employment, Bolton people more and more holiday abroad and eat 'foreign' when at home – there are now Spanish, Greek, Indian and Chinese restaurants in the town, and 11 varieties of vodka are on sale. All the same, what has changed is often less remarkable than what has not: 'everyday gesture, pub behaviour, love-life, kids' games, religious seasons' are as they were, and as they have been, one suspects, for a very long time indeed. Very much to the point is the survival in the neighbouring town of Westhoughton of the annual 'Keaw Yed' festival, which is still celebrated without anyone really knowing why and goes back to the pagan mysteries of *The Golden Bough.*

All this is fascinating; and it helps to define the value of Mass-Observation. It was itself a hotch-potch from the start, not very coherent, and often apparently half-baked. It was very much a Thirties movement. Its founders were a poet who was also a *Mirror* reporter and a birdwatcher-turned-anthropologist. Their helpers tended to be either young poets, novelists, painters, documentary filmmakers or ornithologists. Indeed, the birdwatcher in his hide could be taken as emblematic of the Mass-Observer. And being a Mass-Observer carried with it all the juvenile pleasure to be got from membership of a secret society. It was great fun while it lasted, and this book of Harrisson's will certainly bring with it for a few thousand middle-aged men and women a powerful nostalgic whiff of past youth.

But there was more to it than that. M-O was typical of the better side of the Thirties – of its political concern, of the EMB and PO documentary films, of the early poetry of Auden and MacNeice, of the Euston Road painters – which came out of that recognition of ordinary life which was a consequence of the shock of mass unemployment. Sceptical of verbalisation, believing that what people did was more significant than what they said, M-O set its members the task of observing as carefully and as closely as possible; with what results in the way of discovery the present volume shows. It got beyond the headlines and the prognostications to the grain of ordinary existence in England. As sociology it may have been amateur, but two of the books it produced, *May 12th, 1937* and *The Pub and the People,* will remain important source-books for many years to come.

And there is something else. One of the things that the minute observation of the details of ordinary existence showed was that:

> World is crazier and more of it than we think,
> Incorrigibly plural.

M-O itself produced only one writer of imaginative prose, the former Bolton lorry-driver Bill Naughton, who contributes to Harrisson's book a splendid evocation by indirection of Worktown, in the form of a reminiscence of a fellow-Worktowner, Harry Crow, once a cotton spinner and now in London as a seller of football programmes and cup-tie tickets, an inveterate gambler, port-drinker, atheist and lover of Shelley. This is a piece of writing that makes one think once again that Bill Naughton has been persistently underrated. But as one goes through Harrisson's book one comes across other things that link M-O to the writing of the Thirties. There is, for instance, some superb reporting of pub conversations, and one is taken back straight away to Henry Green, to the foundry workers of *Living* and the firemen of *Caught.*

WALTER ALLEN

The Talking Dinosaur

Thomas Wolfe: A Biography. By ELIZABETH NOWELL. *Heinemann.* 42s.

Thomas Wolfe belonged to the race of talking dinosaurs, a species long extinct in Europe, but always liable to crop up in American literature and life. It is a life that, to a European, is excessively favourable to the ego which either burns itself out or inflates itself and becomes accumulation, all size and no dimension. Wolfe was inflated. For the 37 years of his life, he was a teenager of uncontrolled verbosity. Only his first novel *Look Homeward, Angel* has any vivid merit and it was, like its successors, put into shape by Maxwell Perkins, his martyred editor. The rest can only be called phenomena. Wolfe was too fortunate in growing up in the age of Self-Expression.

Miss Elizabeth Nowell, who has already edited his letters, has now moved on to Wolfe's life. The letters are more interesting. Wolfe was always pouring out the story of Wolfe, but in his letters – not always posted – he had a target, in his correspondents. This helped to organise him and, of course, he could not go on forever. His life loses its interest once his upbringing near Asheville North Carolina has been related, and once we see him quarrelling his way through the one important love affair of his life.

After that he was just one more genius driven mad by the incapacity to write the great American novel. He was sustained by a brilliant woman a great many years older than himself, who had enabled him to write the first book. He moved on to the discovery of a father-figure in Maxwell Perkins, but that must have been an episode more surprising in Perkins's life than it was in Wolfe's. Wolfe's egotism drowned everyone. There is a feeling, apparently, that in the last year of his life Wolfe 'broke free' and 'matured', lost his obsession with himself, because he talked about 'humanity'. That sounds fishy to me. It is a repetition on a larger, softer, slacker scale; if this was maturity, it killed him.

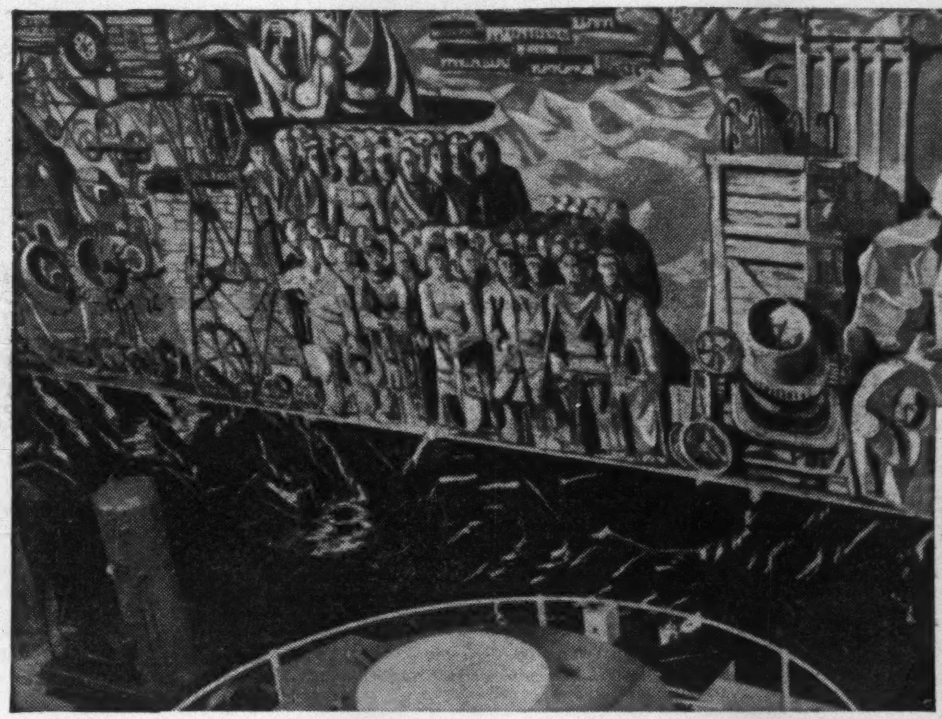
The story of Wolfe's early life has been told most vividly in his first novel. He was the youngest child of a large, modest family of Pennsylvanian country people and southern mountaineers. The father was a cheerful, ebullient drinker; the mother an indefatigable, land-hungry peasant, her eyes set on property. She left her husband to set up as a boarding housekeeper. The boy was not only pampered; he was not weaned until he was three and a half and for many years he shared his mother's bed. The love-hate relationship with his mother lasted all his life. She was always giving him money, for his university education and, later, for his picaresque travels in Europe – he was a heavy drinker and frequent brawler. Imagine a man who thinks something has happened to him just because he has been knocked out in a booze at the *Oktoberfest* in Munich!

He grew up to be a physical giant, aggresssive, often melancholy, suspicious and yet charmingly innocent. The Wolfes came originally of German stock and, like many Americans, the young man was profoundly attracted to Germany. He revelled in disorganised emotion. In his simple, solemn way he was more than a little attracted to the Nazis and had inherited enough small-town anti-semitism to have evident inward trouble in overcoming it. I think there is no doubt that, whenever he was able to think of anything except himself, he did think and feel his way out of this inheritance.

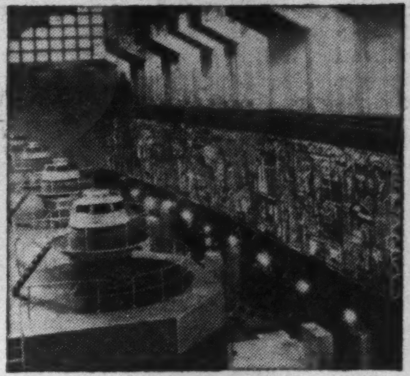
To speak of Wolfe as a naive, explosive American bum, lazing, drinking and quarrelling all over America and Europe, would be false. He was, it is true, incurably restless, and this strong American bent is brilliantly if fitfully caught in his writing; one can see why he felt he was fitted by his great vitality and searching temperament to write the great American novel. Few writers have worked so hard, if pouring it out compulsively and pell-mell at all hours of day and night is, in a serious sense, work. One day he would be living on coffee and working himself into fits of nervous disorder; the next he would be the trencherman and drinker. It was for his publishers to try and bring books that were two or three hundred thousand words long, to size and order.

Wolfe himself was frantic for approval; but once he got it he was apt to turn suspiciously on the approver. Writing for him simply meant pouring out his own life and the lives of his friends and so precisely locating them that he was surrounded by angry people who complained. Asheville would gladly have lynched him. This quite genuinely astonished him. Having drawn others plain, he was deeply injured. But he put on high moral airs when he was portrayed, rather bitterly, by his abandoned mistress. We see the familiar comedy of the man generously exhorting and forgiving those he has injured; Wolfe sounds like nothing less soapily majestic than the British government when it has done wrong.

Miss Nowell is very charitable about these foibles. She understands that he was a man of violent contradictions, sighs, and establishes



Striking murals *make a showpiece of the power-house inside the Salime Dam in the Cantabrian mountains. The power-station was equipped by English Electric under a comprehensive contract.*



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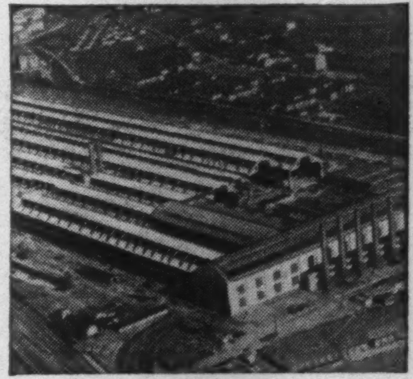
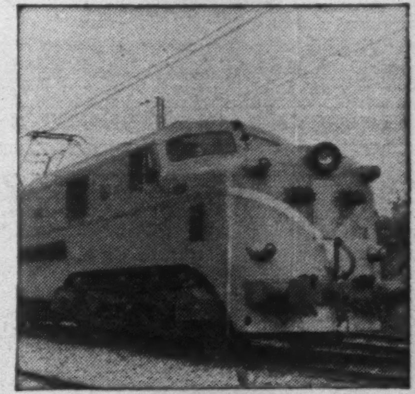


The steel mills of Ensidesa at Avilés. English Electric supplied under comprehensive contract electrical equipment for the three rolling mills, including the first blooming mill twin-drive in Spain.



One of the 75 English Electric 3,000-h.p. Co-Co electric locomotives supplied to the Spanish National Railways (RENFE).

his charm, which certainly flashes out at intervals in his pretentious writing. There is something engaging about his self-absorption; in, for example, spending a couple of hours telling his typist everything that has happened to him and bothered him in the previous twenty-four hours; and then, relieved, stimulated, forgetting she is there, going off to write it all himself, in long-hand, for hours while the poor girl wonders why she has been hired.

Wolfe has been called a man of genius, but this word must be understood in the slackest sense. He is certainly not in the Melville class. He has the visual plethora. His Americanism is interesting; but does it amount to anything more than the emotion that America is very American? His notion that he was or could become the American Joyce is pathetic. But perhaps the dinosaur is something that escapes European comprehension. It has bored a good many American critics as well.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Strung with Poets' Sinews

The Orphic Voice. By ELIZABETH SEWELL. *Routledge. 56s.*

There seems to be a clear division between those who identify the human mind with the universe and those who firmly separate them. A few years ago, in *Saving the Appearances*, Owen Barfield wrote interestingly on the importance of the primitive faculty for identifying self with object. More recently Robbe-Grillet has been insisting once again on absolute separation. Now Miss Sewell throws this heavy volume in to tip the scales on the Rudolf Steiner-cum-Owen Barfield side.

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She rejects the usual dichotomies between science and poetry (they are 'structurally similar activities', and both necessary), between analysis and synthesis ('each is a precondition of the other's working'), between mathematics and words ('each is an instrument for myth in the mind'), between intellect and imagination, between mind and body. Discovery, both in science and poetry, she tells us, is always 'a mythical situation in which mind unites with a figure of its own devising as a means towards understanding the world', and this figure 'is always in some kind of language.' I doubt this as regards the exact sciences, but Miss Sewell is concerned with those 'inexact' sciences, such as biology, in which the timeless discipline of mathematics is not, by general agreement, a suitable instrument to use on living organisms bound up in time and change. So Orpheus creeps in, language as itself a living organism, a figure of the mind that is also a biological organism.

Not surprisingly, Miss Sewell soon drops her first suggestion that biology should use poetry as its language – indeed she never gets to grips with just what use science is supposed to make of poetry, and the split in this sense is further emphasised.

Her book is really yet another attempt to assert the supremacy of poetry, or rather, not just of poetry in general but of a rare kind of writing (prose or verse, good or bad), in which the above dichotomies quite simply do not exist, and which she calls 'postlogic'. It is, when it occurs, the voice of Orpheus, concerned above all with metamorphosis. And just as mythological statements are also questions which only the story of the myth can answer, so Orphic statements are 'reflexive'. The essence of 'postlogic' is the reflexive interaction and identification of subject, instrument and agent, or, more simply, the inclusiveness of the working self in its own methodology.

This is of course a very real dilemma, not only in science, where phenomena can be affected by the mind observing them, but in those disciplines that study the mind, such as philosophy and psychology, which have been driven further and further into language-as-science. Yet, she tells us, it was no dilemma for Wordsworth, who made the Orphean dark descent through the body to discover the 'natural history' of his own mind.

Miss Sewell takes the three parts of the Orpheus myth: power over nature and the 'lute strung with poets' sinews'; the journey to love and death; the severed head prophesying and the lyre set up as a constellation. Through them she traces the development of postlogic, from its startling emergence in the minds of Shakespeare and Bacon, in Milton, Novalis, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Rilke; with constant and often confusing forward, back and side glances at a host of minor figures: Sidney, Bishop Sprat, Vico, Linnaeus the taxonomist, Erasmus Darwin (whose poem 'The Cultivation of Broccoli' is highly commended), Swedenborg, Emerson, some early biologists like Cuvier, and Renan, Hugo, Malarmé . . . especially if they happen to mention Orpheus.

It is always pleasant to hear how important poetry is, and as a 'biology of thinking' it sounds splendid, if peculiarly rare. But Miss Sewell's reading of Bacon, and some others, is eccentric to say the least, and too often in her arguments a supposition becomes a proven premise. Also the book could have been twice as persuasive at half the length. Miss Sewell is immensely verbose about quite simple and acceptable propositions, then rushes on breathlessly over the specious or obscure. Orpheus was torn to pieces, says one version of the myth, for preaching the cult of Apollo against that of Dionysus, but it was Apollo himself who finally told the severed head, as it prophesied day and night, to shut up.

CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE

Writing about Science

The Search for Order. By C. J. SCHNEER. *English Universities Press. 21s.*

The Major Achievements of Science. By A. E. E. MCKENZIE. *Cambridge.* Vol. 1, 30*s.*; Vol. 2, 17*s.* 6*d.*

Science in Writing. By T. R. HENN. *Harrap.* 20*s.*

Science began about 350 years ago. If its rate of progress had been uniform, a historian of science might reasonably devote about a tenth of his space to the science of the last 35 years, as do Professor Schneer and Mr McKenzie. In fact, science is an accelerating process and the volume of scientific knowledge doubles roughly every 15 years. On this basis, even Mr Henn gets the balance wrong, and over half his book deals with material published since 1918.

The justification for the 'linear with time' view of science is presumably twofold: the later ideas often don't make sense without the earlier, and much of our new knowledge in some fields can be interpreted in the light of ideas from the 19th century or even earlier. There is some force in these arguments: how much, depends on who is to read the history. Mr McKenzie remarks that 'anyone whose outlook and imagination is uninfluenced by science is capable of serious errors of judgment in some of the most important issues in the modern world', and his book is meant to put this right I think that the present acceleration of science is so important that the exposure of people otherwise ignorant of science to a history which does not take adequate account of it could also result in 'serious errors'.

It's not a simple problem. The acceleration is much more rapid in some fields than in others, and it's important to know which is which, and why. I don't know how best to put this across, but I'm sure readers can't get this sense of proportion from books which deal with science since 1918 in the last few pages. Scientists, on the other hand, are not likely to find this fault serious. They are usually so hard-pressed by the process that they are liable to fall into the opposite error: the belief that no work published more than 30 years ago can be worth reading.

Although *The Search for Order* and *The Major Achievements of Science* have the same historical perspective they differ in most other ways. Professor Schneer overwrites at times and his prose is unnecessarily adjectival – he can talk about a 'labyrinthine maze' – but he does succeed in communicating something of the intellectual excitement of science. He is also good on the contradictions in scientific thought, such as the acceptance by 18th-century chemists of 'phlogiston' with negative weight at the same time as Newtonian physics was regarded as firmly established. His book gains in coherence from being about the physical sciences only, and can be recommended as an enthusiastic and sometimes penetrating survey.

Mr McKenzie takes the whole of science

for his field, but gives himself two volumes to do it in, the second volume consisting of extracts from various scientific authors. It is more precisely written, but to me it fails to communicate a feeling for the subject. In addition to the account of individual scientific achievements, there are chapters in which each century is put in its place, scientifically and philosophically, and the overall impression is rather schoolmasterly. Moreover, Mr McKenzie contrives to get the relationships between Born, Heisenberg, Bohr and the origins of quantum mechanics mixed up, although for all I know he may have got Newton and Hooke exactly right.

Science in Writing is primarily a venture in the good cause of teaching scientists to write. The method is to expose the reader to examples of 'good' scientific writing, and to add a few words of advice at the end. The examples chosen could all be read with interest by the non-specialist, which is why I mention it here, but this means that we mainly see the *public* writing of the scientist: the set-piece lecture, the elegant text. What the scientist ought to see are some first-rate memoranda from scientists to administrators, if they could be got out of the files.

T. L. COTTRELL

Fixing the Blame

The Price of TUC Leadership. By BRYN ROBERTS. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s*.

Political analysis of the dismal decade through which we have just passed has largely concentrated upon the incompetence and ineptitude of the Labour Party. There has been much less discussion within the movement of the role of the trade unions and of the TUC General Council in the preparation of the defeats which the Labour Party has suffered at three successive elections. Mr Bryn Roberts, general secretary of the National Union of Public Employees, has long been a crusading maverick within the trade union movement and he has written this lively and stimulating polemic as a direct attack upon the General Council.

He charges the TUC leadership with major responsibility for both electoral defeat and the decline in the influence and effectiveness of the trade union movement as a whole. He develops a twofold theme: the first part argues that despite the annual acceptance by the Trades Union Congress of nationalisation motions, the majority of the General Council have never believed in social ownership as the basis upon which further economic and social advance can proceed, nor has the General Council done anything to counter the anti-nationalisation propaganda of business interests and the Tory party.

His second and allied argument is that until the trade union movement puts its own house in order, and in particular eliminates the wastefulness, and worse, of competing unions within the same industry, it can never hope to reverse the present decline in its general influence. The whole trade union movement, Mr Roberts believes, is running down, cursed by parochial struggles within its own ranks and headed by a General Council which neither wants to lead nor is capable of that vigorous Socialist direction which the present situation demands.

In broad terms, and without one's subscribing to all his positions, Mr Roberts has written a book that ought to be seriously discussed. Certainly when the story of the Fifties comes to be written, it will be extraordinarily difficult for the historian of the labour movement to understand how it came about that the trade union movement allowed the case for nationalisation to go by default, and why it was that the dominant group of trade union leaders was pushed on to the defensive by the arguments peddled by the conservative press. It is probable that of all the many issues that have contributed to Labour's miserable electoral record the strikingly successful campaign against nationalisation has been the most important single factor. It is, of course, not just a failure to defend the existing record but the absence of any serious attempt to offer an alternative case that has disarmed and disheartened Labour supporters.

It is now accepted that there are many aspects of the 1945 pattern of nationalisation that need to be fundamentally recast if social ownership is once again to recapture the minds and hearts of the Labour movement as the necessary agent of social change; but Mr Roberts would argue that to expect the present majority of the General Council to agree to a fundamental discussion of the weaknesses of existing nationalised industries and to prepare blueprints for the future is to shoot arrows at the moon. This part of his case, as it relates to the shortcomings of the General Council over the past ten years, he has documented effectively; but he is more sketchy and less instructive on the important questions of trade union reorganisation, and to convince his fellow trade unionists as well as the general public, we need a more comprehensive and detailed analysis. But his book, it is worth saying again, is lively and readable and seriously argued, and it is to be hoped that it will circulate widely.

JOHN SAVILLE

As I Was Saying

Felix Frankfurter Reminisces. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s*.

'To this day,' says Justice Frankfurter, revealing at once the source of his strength and the independence of his mind, 'I am leery of explicit ethical instruction. It [ethics] is something you ought to breathe in.' And because in this way and in his day it dominated the Harvard Law School, where nevertheless it was not taught, he has a quasi-religious feeling about that remarkable seat of learning which colours his response to life and provides his book with a theme.

You might not ordinarily look for a theme in such a book. It is one of a selection of tape-recorded interviews with famous people, made by the Oral History Research Office of Columbia University. These recordings have been going on for over eight years, the idea being not to publish them for contemporary enjoyment but to provide research material for future scholars. Justice Frankfurter's material, when it was completed (but could you ever complete the exploration of such a man?), was thought to be too good, too topical, too presently controversial to be filed away. So here it is, edited – if edited at all – by Dr Harlan B. Phillips of Columbia, who explains in a foreword that when a man and his memory, and his accumulated papers, and a trained historian are all 'united in a joint enterprise – the creation of a memoir – invaluable elements of human history which might otherwise perish are preserved', material 'which, by its very nature, cannot be reconstructed second hand by some future biographer'. Dr Phillips was the Judge's un-

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The result is something more than the club-talk fringes of Anglo-US history for the past 50 years. There are many unexpected sidelights on the Mooney case, the 'Morgenthau mission', the Sacco and Vanzetti story, the 1919 Peace Conference in Paris, and Roosevelt's New Deal – and some penetrating comments on such personalities as Norman Angell, H. N. Brailsford, Gilbert Murray and Nevinson. There are some delectably nostalgic papers about the experiences of a very unusual Yank at Oxford: it is refreshing to read that, when Frankfurter had scoured Oxford in vain for a copy of the American Constitution for his seminar, it was Blackwell's who found him one, hidden at the back of a kind of teach-yourself manual for US immigrants. (Two years ago I scoured the bookshops of New York for a copy of the American Constitution and got the impression that they had never seen one. In the end a kindly probation officer gave me one because he had two.)

It is easy to see that the 'Oral History Research' men will find themselves constrained to publish more of these tape-recorded colloquies of the famous. If they do, they ought to allow (or require) rather more work from their editors. One *can* think of men (Joad, Laski, Maxton) whose conversation is like someone intelligently reading aloud. But Justice Frankfurter is not one of these. He needs a little sorting out and punctuating. For example, when Roosevelt had announced a wish to appoint him to the US Supreme Court:

> Why did I at once when the President said, 'Unless you give me an unsurmountable reason' acquiesce, I haven't any idea.

There are many such passages, all needing to be read at least twice. Since their 'actuality' seems to contain no particular value, they might as well be in English. Nevertheless – an unusual, outspoken, and invigorating book, by and about a great jurist, a great American, and a great Jew.

C. H. ROLPH

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Fresh Encounters

A Prize for Art. By EDWARD WAKEFORD. *Macmillan. 25s.*

Living Forwards. By BURNETT JAMES. *Cassell. 21s.*

Land of the Black Buffalo. By PAUL SMILES. *Faber. 16s.*

Fool's Mistress. By FREDERICK STREET. *Parrish. 17s. 6d.*

Edward Wakeford is a painter. *A Prize for Art* is so visually alive that the unimportant (to the author as well as to the reader) details of his life become almost irrelevant. What one remembers of this account of a child in an Isle of Man vicarage, an art student in London and a soldier in the Middle East, are those moments of heightened visual perception, recalled with extraordinary clarity, which make the author appear to be living a double life: *existing* and *being* at the same time in quite different ways. He retains into manhood a child's reasonable logic: why was the Isle of Man coloured *pink* in the Atlas? the child asks: and proceeds to find good reasons – the faces in church, the pier at Ramsay, the gates into fields – why it should be so. And as an adult in the Lebanon, wanting to write to his tentative fiancée in Cairo, he cannot bring himself to trust his message to 'a letter stamped with a cocoa-tree'. This book is coloured on every page with this pristine wonder: why should things be thus? and *are* they thus? and what is this thusness made of? One result of this surreal approach to life is that concrete events – a journey to London, a love affair, army amateur dramatics – happen at one remove, a nebulous background to the reflections of a mind which responds to the world as a painter responds to a landscape: with odd, disconnected emotion, only to be united by art.

There is nothing disconnected about *Living Forwards*, although Burnett James is as little concerned with the events of his life as is Mr Wakeford. Struck down by severe polio at the age of 15 (in 1935), Burnett James was forced by circumstances to live a life very different from the one he had imagined for himself. Would he, one wonders, have become a well-known music critic, a cultured, original thinker, if he had not been trapped into using his mind by the abrupt and almost complete failure of his body? In the picture he draws of himself when young – a cricketing, fox-hunting, unscholarly public schoolboy – there are no discernible signs of the man he was to become. There is something uncomfortable in this naked evidence that we are to such a degree creatures of circumstance.

Although the early chapters of this book deal in some detail with the physical problems of his disease, Mr James does not dwell on them unduly. Once having accepted the unpalatable facts of his limitations, he settles to making the most of what is left – his mind. Out of step, for obvious reasons, with his own generation of intellectuals, he has thrashed out for himself a philosophy and a set of values which have more in common with Colin Wilson (who contributes a sober and pertinent introduction) and Stuart Holroyd than with either the Old or the New Left. Some of his conclusions come at one with the abruptness of a charging bull; others – 'Political belief *always* impairs the creative vision' – provoke a desire for immediate and furious argument. But he is informed, fresh, delightfully free from the defences and prejudices of literary gang-warfare. The blurb rightly calls Mr James's life 'an intellectual adventure'; so is his book.

Land of the Black Buffalo is creative in the way that direct newspaper reporting can be creative. It is a vivid, moment-by-moment account of the author's experiences as a Bush Ranger in Bechuanaland. It is not about the author at all. It is about animals (and about killing them: why are people so keen on this depressing act?) and about Africa; its daily excitements faintly flavoured with that melancholy which seems to be a constant feature of any European's love for this continent: because it is so large? or so doomed?

The nearest approach in this batch to traditional autobiography is *Fool's Mistress* ('Experience is the Mistress of Fools') by Frederick Street, a rhododendron-grower turned journalist, who reports his intransigent struggle with life, and with himself, as a fairly direct narrative of successes and failures. He is disarmingly honest about his own rough-hewn character, accepting himself without quarrel: 'I am not better than the next man, worse than many', looking to his religion for an ideal, but to himself for his own salvation. It is a refreshing book: blunt, provocative, simple in its attitudes but alive with the author's sensuous pleasure in the world around him.

JEREMY BROOKS

New Novels

The Governor. By ALAN THOMAS. *Gollancz. 18s.*

A Place Apart. By DAVID LYTTON. *MacGibbon & Kee. 18s.*

The Light in the Piazza. By ELIZABETH SPENCER. *Heinemann. 12s. 6d.*

The Horns of Fear. By ANGEL M. DE LERA. Trans. ILSA BAREA. *Faber. 18s.*

'Well, what shall I write a novel about this year?' There *are* novels written on this kind of basis, often very good ones, possibly technically brilliant but usually lacking in the spark that even a very bad novel possesses when the author – as well as plot, colour, character – has left some little of himself behind in it. *The Governor* seems to me to belong to the what-shall-we-write-about category. Mr Thomas has had this good idea – the dilemma of a liberal-minded governor of a self-government-seeking Crown colony in the face of violence, opposition and personal tragedy. The author is obviously interested in colonial emancipation, obviously knows what the set-up was in, say, Cyprus, obviously knows his characters such as the security chief and the chief of police and the director of information, obviously understands the tug of war between liberals of all shades and non-liberals of all shades that is a permanent sideshow of these conflicts. But nowhere does he show that he felt any real need to write this novel.

On the other hand in *A Place Apart* – another wind-of-change novel – Mr David Lytton reveals such a passionate, indeed desperate identification with the people he is writing about that even had he not written a very good novel his belief in it would have lit its pages from beginning to end. This is the second of three novels which Mr Lytton is writing about aspects of life at the Cape. The first one, *The Goddam White Man*, although quite an achievement in many ways – it was told in the first person by a Cape Coloured, a fine piece of literary impersonation – had just the fault which I have described: the author was reporting, but not feeling. Here I felt that he had got into the heart of his hero.

He deals with Stephannes – 'Lilywhite' – a half-caste boy who could pass for white. A humiliating life, the life of somebody lost between two ways. There is a time, for example, when Stephannes nearly succeeds in getting in a 'whites-only' elevator; he is recognised as coloured and he finds himself giving a conscious, vulgar imitation of his own kind when he asks, 'Where's the goods lift?' And there is a terrifying description of the farcical, degrading examination at which officials solemnly declare him coloured:

> 'Now your hands, stretch them out . . . Look at the nails, do you see. That's no white man's hand. Those nails; very definitely; coloured.'

But I hasten to add that this is not merely a novel about the colour bar. nor is it an I-passed-for-white tearjerker; it is a novel about a man, about human life and human dignity. In this second novel Mr Lytton has lost some of the pace that gave *The Goddam White Man* its compulsive readability; and away from the discipline of first-person narrative his prose tends to get a bit over-lush. But what he has lost in drive he has gained in depth.

The Light in the Piazza is the first novel to be published here of an American writer who, judging from the mouthwatering review-extracts of her previous novels printed on the dust jacket, enjoys quite a reputation in the United States. It seems deserved. Miss Spencer writes about Mrs Johnson, an American in Florence with her 26-year-old daughter who, although physically mature to the point that a young Italian, Fabrizio, falls madly in love with her, has a mental age of ten. Intriguing and rather macabre situation. Mrs Johnson at first discourages the love affair but then. watching her daughter hand-in-hand with Fabrizio – 'like two children' – she thinks 'Why not?' and begins to persuade herself that the child could conceivably live a happily-married life. This is a very-well-told story, very lucid and very smooth; although slight in treatment it has a good deal of substance to it. I hope this very short novel is a custom-raiser to more of Miss Spencer's work.

'I ran across a bit of skirt who was the goods, I can tell you.' – 'A nice piece of fluff, was she?' I wonder why the story in translated novels always sounds as though it is being spoken by cockney centurions in a passion play told in everyday English for youth clubs. Anyway: *The Horns of Fear*, a rather obvious title for a Spanish novel about bullfighting. It's the story of a young torero fighting his first bull in a crumbly little town; he wears a borrowed suit, and the ring is no more than a rough circle of carts in the public square. It could have been a nice change from the usual ta-ra-ra-boom-deay written about bullfights, but unfortunately the author, even when describing such a small-town affair as this, lays it on with a trowel. 'Where's that bull? Ah yes, there he is. So you'd like to catch me, would you?' This I think comes under the heading of Thoughts We Doubt Ever Got Thought In The Bull-ring.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

From Hart-Davis comes a new edition of Henry James's second novel, *Roderick Hudson* (25*s*.), with an introductory essay by Leon Edel. *Storm and Stress*, volume two of Gilbert Cannan's translation of Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, first published 50 years ago, appears from Heinemann at 18*s*.

The Lure of Mzila's Grave

A Calabash of Diamonds. By MARGARET LANE. *Heinemann*. 25*s*.

Private treasure hunts in Africa were long since over and done with – one had thought – and a good thing too. Before its looting could be stopped the Ancient Ruins Co. Ltd, most notorious of all such undertakings, had robbed posterity of gold museum objects to the weight of some 30 lbs by robbing graves right and left in Rhodesia. But it is full 66 years since Bill Neal, writing to his partners in Jo'burg, announced that 'old George has dropped on to two of their hiding places and got about 6 lb weight in one and 3 lb in the other'. And the Ancient Ruins Company was deprived of any further right to exist as long ago as 1900. That is when the era of government protection of ancient sites in Africa may be said to have begun.

All the same, here is the story of a modern treasure hunt. Not for gold but for diamonds; and not in Rhodesia but just over the border in the silent lands of western Mozambique. Miss Lane's husband had come by a map and a narrative, scrawled on age-yellowed paper in the good old style though lacking, it would seem, the authentic final touch of fingerprints in blood; and she and her husband were thereby led to imagine, and eventually to hope (half seriously, half in fun), that the grave of a Zulu chief might make their fortunes. After long and understandable hesitation, the spirit of adventure (and, well, the diamonds) overcame the bonds of prudence and they embarked on a journey of discovery.

Whatever may be thought of this operation, the reader has clear gain from Miss Lane's principal discovery, which was Africa. This charming and disarming book is altogether superior to the oh-so-boring travelogue that multiplies itself in Africa these days on any pretext or none. It is filled with gentle humour, shrewd observation, fine touches of description – of elephants, for example, that 'lift their trunks like croziers . . . delicately sifting the air' – and a most enjoyable perception of what it is that makes White Rhodesians tick and why it is that Africans so greatly dislike the experience. Then there is a nice play of irony between the rather squalid object of the journey and the highly civilised spirit in which it was undertaken. An irony, too, about the outcome of the search, with the time-pressed and Africa-bothered venturers hacking their way into Mzila's gave: if, of course, it was Mzila's grave.

Mzila's spirit must have smiled. For he was the Zulu warrior-wanderer back in the 1860's, at least according to Bryant's memoirs, who, in order 'to prevent the Manica gold mines [of the Rhodesian-Mozambique border] from ever presenting a tempting bait to whiteskin adventurers, had all potential native labourers in that region summarily blotted out, and the country reduced to a wilderness.' It is still pretty much of a wilderness – which no one else, by the way, has ever described with a tithe of Miss Lane's skill and good sense – and yet here was a bold little band attacking Mzila's own grave . . Does that mean they failed to get away with the swag? Well, Miss Lane got away with a great deal, for her part, but I am not going to say what it was. There is no hardship in reaching the last page of the book, where she says it so well herself.

BASIL DAVIDSON

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

No National Theatre?

JOHN NEVILLE

Philistines unite: we have nothing to lose but our National Theatre. And furthermore the government are on our side. Natch! Frankly I don't think many of us believed it would be otherwise. The fact that this contemptibly materialist government bought themselves out of a ticklish situation for three or four hundred thousand a year had no element of surprise. What was startling was the abject acquiescence of the opposition; acquiescence that looked suspiciously like connivance. We read that the House took the Chancellor's statement calmly on the whole. In God's name, why? One MP, and one only, thought that the Chancellor had taken the wrong decision. We can only suppose that the pervading and well-larded cynicism of the statement drugged the House into this appalling apathy – not for the first time.

'Only a limited amount of public money can be made available to help the living theatre and the government believes there are better ways, etc, etc.' How's that for cynicism? There's biting irony too at a time when £1,650 millions are squandered annually on useless missiles and bigger and better ways of blowing ourselves up. Of course the three or four hundred thou is acceptable, but two things need to be said: first of all it's many years overdue, and secondly, if it's in place of a National Theatre, it's nowhere near enough. For example, the provinces and municipalities in Germany spend annually on their theatres nearly 20 million pounds. Obviously the government's offer is cut-price subvention in the guise of helping the provinces.

The alternative to a National Theatre, being canvassed in some quarters, is a National Theatre Company which would tour extensively. I believe this to be wrong, and that such a company without the benefit of a well-planned, efficiently administered home would eventually disappear in ever-contracting circles of well-intentioned mediocrity. Is the Drama so small an expression of our culture and heritage that we cannot afford *one* theatre in Great Britain where the full and infinite variety of our classical range, including the 20th century, can be staged without having to keep both eyes on the box office. (We must remember that both our present classical theatres have to depend largely on the money-spinning ability of Shakespeare, and the more popular of the plays at that.) For pity's sake let us remove this *one* theatre from the hands of the speculators and put it in the hands of idealists – where it belongs.

Opponents of the National Theatre have had lots of unintentional fodder given them gratis these last few weeks. From in and around our profession have been cries of 'Ah but there's no one to run it, is there?' and 'How many actors can you name who could play King Lear and two other great classical roles'. I have too much respect for my elders and betters in the profession to place the smallest value in such fallacious views. Build it – and there will be someone to implement its work; not one but many people. It is only in a building such as envisaged by the Joint Council of the National Theatre that a powerful integrated company can function properly. A company where actors and director work together over a considerable period – continuing and extending the training that now stops on leaving Drama School. However, last Tuesday the government thought otherwise. It was a black day.

So we will have to soldier drearily on confining our classical theatre to the limits of Shakespeare box-office potential, without even having one stage in this country that approximates to the one (*i.e.* open stage) he wrote his plays for.

Meantime we are left with the idle and dubious pleasure of watching the National Theatre develop into a squalid local political wrangle on the LCC *à la* Nottingham. Oh, and talking of vote-catching – next time there's an election I shall want to know of the candidates (among other things) what their views are on the building of a National Theatre. What about you?

Homage to Cranach

BRYAN ROBERTSON

The magnificent group of paintings called 'From Van Eyck to Tiepolo' from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection at Lugano is on view at the National Gallery till 30 April. Although the collection is rich in Italian paintings, the present exhibition is of particular interest through the weight given to a selection of Flemish and German paintings.

We are lazy about German art. We should be more interested: the Northern mixture of hope and pessimism, piety and doubt, serenity and ferocity, which in many ways typifies this work is not so far removed from our own national dualities. But we have always gone to the Mediterranean to exalt our spirits and enhance our physical sensations, to touch something warmer and more vibrant and fluent than we can engender, and to escape from Northern *Angst*.

And yet we contributed more to the form of early German art than we perhaps realise. This art was greatly stimulated by France: the French Gothic style reached Germany by way of Belgium and the Low Countries, and Burgundian Gothic found its way to Germany through the Cistercian monasteries. But considerable elements of the English Gothic style also arrived in Germany: partly because of the connection between England and the Hansa cities but also from English alabasters and, above all, from English needlework, the *opus anglicanum*, which was tremendously prized everywhere at that time and was acquired for ecclesiastical treasuries all over Europe. Meanwhile, Italian art showed itself in the workshops of Vienna and Nuremberg by transmissions of style from Giotto and Simone Martini.

Cranach was a contemporary of Dürer, Holbein, Altdorfer, Pacher and Grünewald. His earlier work (1472-1553) was both passionate and profound, for he was a friend of Martin Luther and very much of the Reformation period; but in 1505 he entered the service of the Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, at Wittenberg and became court painter. From then on, his painting became progressively worldlier and more evasive in feeling. Much of his later work was carried out by other hands in his workshop. *The Rest on the Flight into Egypt*, at Berlin, marks a halfway stage in Cranach's evolution. This painting still has all the magic and dream-like atmosphere that we associate with his best inventions. The gently varied landscape of the background of the *Virgin and Child in a Landscape* in the exhibition at the National Gallery also retains these qualities: the picture was painted c. 1509; but the *Nymph Reclining by a Spring*, painted c. 1526-30, presents us with a different vision and many problems.

This haunting and extraordinarily poetic picture is very much a manufactured work, devised while Cranach was court painter. Two other versions of the Nymph are at Leipzig and at Liverpool. All these later paintings are sophisticated in feeling but despite occasional weaknesses in structure and execution many still contain that elegaic atmosphere so characteristic of Cranach.

In the Thyssen picture, a naked women is lying on a bed of dark green flowering grasses with one arm supporting her head; her hair is enveloped in rich lacquer-red cloth which spills out into soft folds below her supporting arm; a transparent strip of veiling passes across her hair, cascades down over one shoulder and sweeps along the grass beside her body until it is caught up across the pit of her stomach and then folded across her legs; two grey birds peck at the ground at the base of a sturdy tree trunk behind her; a tall red quiver of arrows hangs from a stump of the tree and a great curved bow also hangs from behind the tree; behind the nymph and the tree is a shallow pool into which water is trickling thinly from rocks, to the left of the pool, behind a bush framing the nymph's head. On the other side of the pool, four stags graze at the edge of a dark wood. To the right of the picture there is a distant prospect of immense rocks and a winding road. Splayed across the rocks by the pool is an inscription in Latin which reads: 'Nymph of the Sacred Spring, wake me not while I rest.' A deep cerulean blue sky blazes over the scene. It is high summer.

Although masquerading as a nymph, the woman is a 16th-century courtesan, less nude than naked. Her flesh is realistically painted in pink, ochre and white tones and has a slight sheen. This treatment of flesh, highly personal and naturalistic, conflicts with the almost anonymously realized and highly stylised rendering of the surrounding landscape. The nymph's posture comes directly from Giorgione's *Venus*, at Dresden, but the Cranach figure is more restless and still very Gothic in feeling despite the langorous sensuality in the relaxed undulations of the arm resting on the body. Although the picture is carefully designed so that our eyes follow the construction round in a shallow ellipse, the figure does not really belong to the landscape but seems to have suddenly materialised, warm, and extremely human, in the midst of a legendary context. It is possible that Cranach only painted the figure. Apart from the painting of flesh, the range of colour is greatly simplified and follows an imposed decorative scheme: the reds of the drapery and the quiver are identical; the birds are the same grey as the water; all the foliage is painted in the same range of dark greens and blues. The top of the tree is cut off by the frame of the picture and this adds to the sensation of mystery: something is happening or about to happen outside the picture. This suggestion of imminence, of an arrested moment in a ritual, fills the painting which is otherwise so robustly and tightly painted. These are not the traceries of mythology but its very substance.

The picture is part of a long series of equations between the female principle and water. Clytie, the Lorelei, Ondine, the birth of Venus, the lady who floats down the river in Mallory, the drowned Ophelia, are all part of this great cycle. According to Otto Kurz, Cranach's painting not only derives from Giorgione's *Venus* at Dresden, but possibly also from another version, now lost, which depicted the Goddess with some of the characteristics of Diana resting after the hunt, with deer browsing in the distance. The basic idea of a nymph guarding a sacred fountain is extremely ancient and comes from Greece. Cranach's *Nymph* is one of the metamorphoses of a scene that probably began in sculpture.

The Sound of Enthusiasm

DAVID DREW

There is a certain rare kind of applause which has a richer sound and a more honest soul than many a piece of music: I mean the applause which comes from the heart of an audience that has been surprised by a sudden revelation. We heard it at the BBC's Festival Hall concert last week, after the orchestra, conducted by Hans Rosbaud, had faded its way out of the last bar of Webern's *Six Pieces* Op. 6. Miracles do not happen by magic, and the orchestra's debt to Rosbaud in this, the finest performance of a modern work that they have given for many years, was very evident. But of course the first architect of that heartfelt ovation was Webern himself.

The work is not unfamiliar in the concert hall, but I for one felt that I was hearing it for the first time. One's old doubts about its form – is there genuine compression here, or are these pieces, for all their brevity, a little longer than they should be? – and about its originality – how, but for Schoenberg, would Webern have begun? – were rightly forgotten. The beauty of the piece, its dignity and its fierce gentleness, is an expression of a very individual personality, albeit at an early stage in its formation. Webern had not yet discovered the possibilities of ascetic self-criticism. There is a spontaneity in the Op. 6 pieces which was often to desert him in later works, and which he did not really recover until his very last years. The stylistic and formal inconsistencies of Op. 6 seem much less important than the healthy variety of musical types which are drawn upon. Compared to the magnificent inclusiveness of Schoenberg, this variety is, of course, a small thing. But Op. 6 is still a work of remarkable stature. The love which orchestra and conductor bestowed on it last week was not misplaced.

But how much can even the finest orchestra *give* in one concert? At the beginning of the concert the orchestra had to devote much attention to counting the often illusory changes of metre in Blacher's *Orchester-Ornament*. Even 20 minutes of simple algebra can be very tiring, and when X equals O, the rewards are proportionate. After the Webern, the orchestra was faced with Hindemith's Concerto Op. 38, another work which takes far more than it gives. Consequently, the orchestral playing in Schoenberg's Violin Concerto, after the interval, was less good than it might have been in more relaxed circumstances. Yet it was in many ways an admirable performance, and quite sufficient to convey something of the size and beauty of this monumental work. The rhythmic character of the Finale helped to ensure that the performance did not tail off through sheer end-of-concert exhaustion; indeed, the Finale was unmistakably the culmination of the performance, just as it is the culmination of the work's great form.

The overriding virtue of this memorable concert was that it lifted both Schoenberg and Webern out of the sphere of the problematic, where both have been confined by the poverty and rarity of performances and the compensating floods of critical talk and verbal mud. It was Stravinsky's part in the concert which presented us, and left us, with the problems. The first performance in England of his *Movements* for Piano and Orchestra was repeated after the interval (with Aloys Kontarsky as the excellent soloist). A work which does not reveal more at its second hearing than at its first (even if the second performance is less good, as this one was) is suspect. Stravinsky's *Movements*, needless to say, are not of this kind. The BBC performances were the best of the five I have heard, but each one has proved more rewarding than its predecessor. Even if one only begins by sensing the point of the repeat in the first movement and grasping the finale-character of the last, one has made a start. The harmonic-rhythmic coherence, with its dynamic *and* static elements, is not as hard to grasp as one first supposes.

There are many things in this work which I still find puzzling, but the most worrying question may have the simplest answer: why does a work of unmistakable mastery and definably personal character, that holds the attention from start to finish and which provides increasingly intense musical satisfaction at each hearing, why does such a work still fail to engage the sympathies in the way that every other major work by this master has done? Cold admiration soon dies from frostbite. But it is very possible that Stravinsky's subsequent works will help us to redefine our response. Manifestly, he is still changing. Logically, we must also.

Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen* is a welcome addition to the repertory of the Sadler's Wells Company and it deserves to attract a wide public. It is arguably Janacek's masterpiece, both as a music drama and as a solution of the purely compositional problems which faced him all his life. The opera may profitably be compared to Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*. For Ravel, nature or the supernatural was an excuse for the kind of musical textures which came most easily to him, and at the same time, it was a way of avoiding human involvement. For Janacek, human involvement is all that matters, and fantasy is only a means of heightening it. The conception of the animal world as a reflection of the human world is not merely a charming conceit; it is an expression of religious awe at the wonder of life and rational concern for the conduct of life. An admiration for the exotic or the

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5.00 'ZOO TIME'
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artificial has no part in Janacek's conception of things.

The nature of his subject imposed certain limitations on the structure and scale of emotions available to him in *The Cunning Little Vixen*, and those limitations proved to be precisely in accord with the capabilities of his genius. By the standards which Janacek sets himself – and they are not low – there is very little music in the opera which seems inadequate.

It is a work of remarkable subtlety, and those who came away from Sadler's Wells feeling that it was at best no more than 'charming' might be surprised to learn how moving it can be. The work is not happily cast, and the production misses both the elegance and the rich sensuality which is so much a part of the score. The success of Felsenstein's legendary production of the work was so great that no opera house in West Germany dared to undertake a new production. The daring of Sadler's Wells, which had such disastrous results with Strauss's more complex *Ariadne*, has not proved entirely misplaced in this instance. But in no respect can justice be said to have been done.

Ionesco among the Beefeaters

H. A. L. CRAIG

Jacques, the Ionesco play at the Royal Court, has suffered a beefeater's reception. It is 'meaningless', 'inept', 'insulting' and a 'confidence trick'. One critic counsels us to throw tomatoes at Mr Ionesco; so perhaps George Devine ought to request police protection for the Royal Court. This would suit Mr Ionesco exceeding well, for his plays are nothing if they are not a disturbance of the peace.

Jacques is a clear and brilliant skirmish in Ionesco's 'ten year war with the bourgeoisie'. The only incomprehension I suffered was why, 70 years after Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, I should be obliged to defend *Jacques* against a charge that it is 'meaningless'. Whatever Ionesco's faults, he does not want for 'meaning'. To call him empty is equivalent to calling, say, Cubism empty. Ionesco, indeed, is something of a Cubist of the stage, particularly in his techniques of condensation. The problem of the Cubists was not to get many views into one view, but to get as much experience as possible into one view, one 'aesthetic moment'.

In an hour and a half – this is the shortest play in London – Ionesco leads us through birth, copulation and death. Who else writing now dares such shorthand? He has liberated himself from naturalist style, the photography of speech, while at the same time he keeps his naturalist themes. The first part of *Jacques* is about the French marriage market; the second about the 'production' of an heir. On the surface it is a grotesque drawing room drama; yet almost every sentence pokes some rude hole in the comedy of manners. But Ionesco, unlike N. F. Simpson, doesn't stop short with his jokes; he extends them, churns with them, lays eggs with them. In our 90 minutes we have indeed a dose of experience revealed in farce, in stitches, in chancre, and in terror. Bourgeois society is unseamed and bourgeois values are cupped and bled.

Why then have the London critics failed to respond to the lively *Jacques*? There is a solemnity here that goes in terror of the leg-pull. Deep down is that good old Chelsea pensioner living in dread of new-fangledness and a Munnings frightened of being unhorsed by experiment. With the exception of Henry Moore, no Englishman has contributed so much as a *thraneen* to the great intellectual movements, the questions and experiments that have excited Europe since Cézanne exhibited in 1874 and Jarry published in 1896. So when a lady arrives on the London stage with three noses what reception can she expect?

Silence, boredom, fear of the leg-pull, an arrogant refusal to permit their ladies to be, by implication, defaced: this upset the theatre. Yet three noses on Ionesco's Roberta II ought to be as plain to us as our own single item. Roberta II is being sold in marriage and Ionesco is making his satiric comment on the bourgeois requirement that the brides should be well endowed. The noses, ludicrous to us, satisfy the families on the stage. They are also a useful short-cut – a way to make a situation more complex without lengthening it – a fair example of Ionesco's cleverness at finding a concrete symbol for an abstract idea. In this play of abstractions the surface is hard and smooth as slate.

But strange to relate, as we watch the three-nosed lady she becomes both very beautiful and very familiar. She resembles, in fact, a late Picasso head. Valerie Hanson, playing Roberta II, had no fear of ugliness as she turned and tilted like a bride to any groom. Miss Hanson, a most talented actress, had also the range for the obvious yet vivid sexual symbol of the flaming stallion. As she spoke it on her wedding night it became both a compliment to Jacques and a high statement of what I presume to be the bridal experience.

There is little point in pricing Ionesco now. His art can neither be proved nor disproved by critics. We can only recognise his qualities. These skills he certainly has: a dexterity with the concrete symbol; a comic gift of substitution; and an originality in the making of characters who are also figures in a ritual.

This doubling of person and puppet was brought out superbly in R. D. Smith's production, especially in his direction of the stylised, rhythmical passages. Naturalist character is only a glint in Ionesco, but if it is not caught the play is robbed and puppetry and verbalism take over. Mr Smith's work should be much observed for the sake of future productions of Ionesco. The strong cast, with Denys Hawthorne as a secure Jacques, were very confident in their pronouncement of Ionesco's pealed cliches. They made the hoariest platitude ring with a grotesque significance, which is surely what the author intended.

When *Jacques* was first put on at Hampstead you could not get near the Moreland Hall for the crowds; yet at the Royal Court the audience is a dwindle. What is wrong with the Royal Court that it should impoverish even John Arden? In spite of its brilliant work, its integrity as an experimental theatre, its influence outside itself, its fame as a Bethlehem, this theatre does not seem to command even the attendance of its own supporter's club, the English Stage Society. The directors of the Royal Court should go out with whips among these same supporters.

The most I can say for *J.B.*, a modern version of the Book of Job, is that if I had not heard beforehand to the contrary I would have sworn Mr Eisenhower had written it. The early Archibald MacLeish has given us pleasure, but the turgidity, the pompous la-di-da and the banality of the verse of *J.B.*, is a drop by drop torture of adjectives.

If *Jacques* chills bourgeois values, this poetic mink warms and comforts them. It is the perfect drama of the Eisenhower period. When God gives a list of Job's endowments he begins with wealth; when the devil gives a list of Job's losses he begins with wealth. *J.B.* justifies the Americans for their machines and their millions; Wall Street comes from God; Hiroshima is not to be blamed on man; children eating mud in the Congo are just an inscrutable mystery that – if Mr MacLeish followed up his logic – is ordained by God to show Mr Babbitt how lucky he is to be eating turkey. God won't help you if you are 'living' at the wrong address – London, Dresden, Hiroshima.' But have no fear of the soft delights of Capua, if the test comes we can 'bear anything a man can bear.' Mr MacLeish argues with the intellectual responsibility of the Sunday school singing 'I'm h-a-p-p-y' and invests in such cheap modernity that were God to descend by helicopter there would be no surprise in the house. The essential difference is that while God is said to have dictated the Book of Job, Archibald MacLeish is known to have written *J.B.* – with its mushy moral of all-resolving, nuclear-dissolving 'love'.

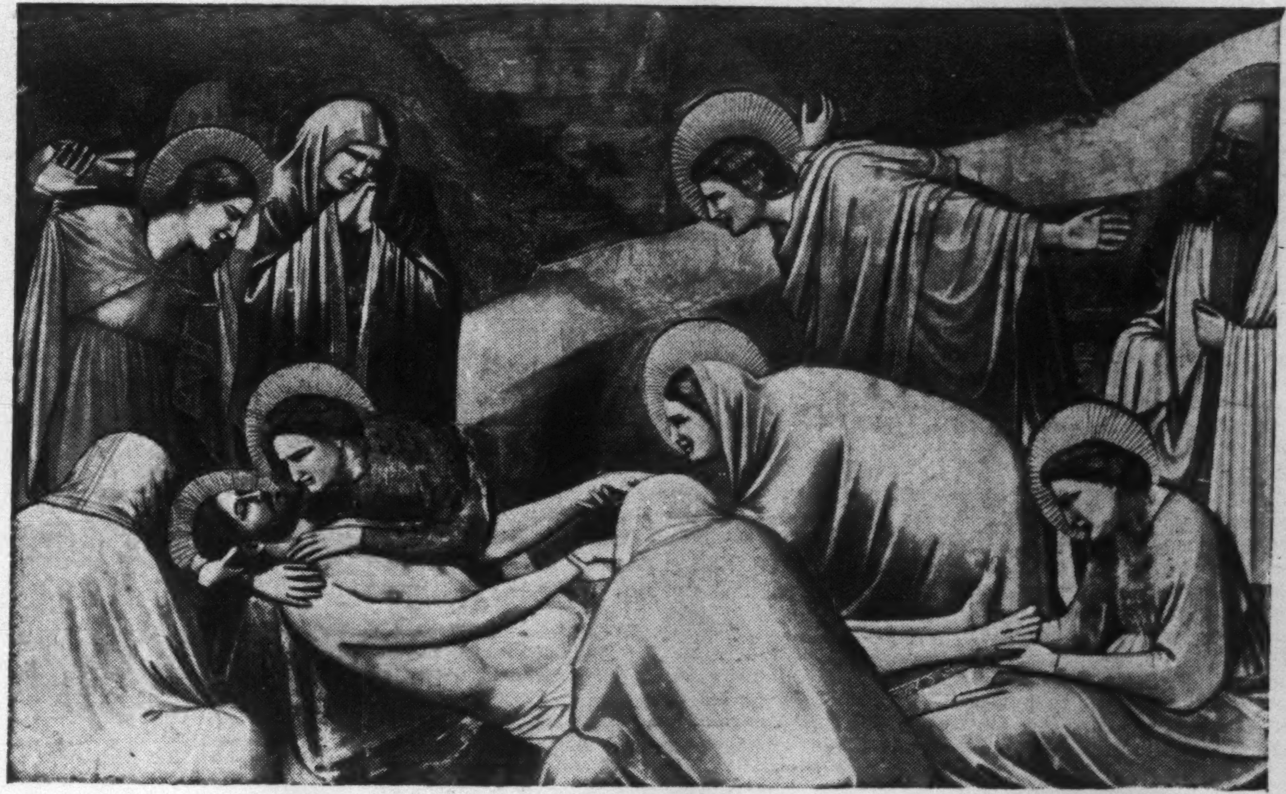
Isle of Dogs

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The new Disney, *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* (Studio One) plunges us into the world of dogs and people. That dogs have been getting the upper hand for some time, despite warnings from Thurber and others, must have dawned even on so-called owners. Have you ever been to Cruft's? It holds all the menace of a drawing by Grandville. There you will meet the operatic wolfhound, the Papillon woman, the Knightsbridge stare, dogs with Victorian face-hair, and bitches in tweeds; and you will never be quite the same again. While the Russians send another dog into space and back, you will be writing to the local newspaper demanding public conveniences for man's best friend.

No wonder the dog voices in *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* are fearfully English; any other accent would sound unnatural. One would *expect*, if stopping to ask the way of a collie, to be answered by George Sanders. (Whether the voice really is his, we aren't told: unaccountably, none of the voices – an important element in the film – are named.) There is a Colonel or Waffling Dog, retired to an old barn, who bumbles away through hair, gives orders, and leads any action from the rear. The Great Dane of Hampstead can be relied on to give an alarm that will spread far into deepest Suffolk; and his Missus is a tiny yapper about to fall off the stone gate-post in her excitement. Here are dogs with their noses in the air, gay dogs, dirty dogs, those who still pay lip-service to a 'master' and those who don't.

Our hero (and narrator) is a cunning Dalmatian fed up with bachelordom, to the East of Regent's Park, who gets his bloke married off and incidentally hooks for himself just that spotted young bride he's always hankered for. It isn't long before he is pacing the corridor and presented with a family of 15; they settle in to life round the telly and would be happy ever after if it weren't for



Laudes ☩ Evangelii

A miracle play depicting the Annunciation, the Nativity and the Crucifixion in eight main episodes. Based on an Umbrian text by Giorgio Signorini. Music based on 13th and 14th Century canticles by Valentine Bucchi.

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Introduced by the Ven. O. H. Gibbs-Smith, Archdeacon of London

The profound, dramatic feeling in the frescoes of Giotto, the paintings of the early Primitives and in Byzantine mosaics inspired Leonide Massine to plan a choreographic work consisting of eight episodes from the Gospels. 'The Dramatic Odes of Umbria' on religious themes, and Gregorian chants discovered at Cortona in Umbria, were later combined to realise 'Laudes Evangelii'. Massine directed the first performance in the Cathedral of San Domenico, Perugia in 1952.

Work on the television production began last year in Munich and Florence. Detailed planning was commenced in Paris. The first half of 'Laudes Evangelii' is based on Giotto's frescoes. In the second half the scale of the production increases and the scenes become stark and more dramatic. 'Laudes Evangelii' will be performed by Angelo Pietri, Elletra Morini, Gerard Ohn, Tatiana Massine, Alberto Testa and members of the Ballet European; April Cantelo (Soprano), Jean Allister (Contralto), Ronald Lewis (Baritone), Victor Godfrey (Bass), The Glyndebourne Festival Chorus (Chorus master Peter Gellhorn), and The Sinfonia of London, conducted by Myer Fredman. Executive Producer Norman Marshall. Directed by Joan Kemp-Welch.

On Independent Television, Good Friday at 9.40 p.m.

Produced by

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

LONDON

London's Television, Monday to Friday

that simply scorching menace, Miss Cruella De Vil, who is hungry for young spotted coats. She can't buy up the family so she gets them kidnapped. All canine London is roused to fury; and the call leads to the wilds of Hell Hall with a Clouzot-like grip. In the end a whole company of little kidnapped Dalmatians (more and more threatening to creep into our hearts) has to be smuggled to safety out of this anti-dog stronghold. Of course the dogs win.

For the first time in years Disney has touched fantasy with a quick finger. Gone is the treacly realism; back have come charm and zest. Simple, unpretentious drawing, good and recognisable London backgrounds, the dog-man symbiosis wittily illustrated, even the few human beings improving a bit on his old attempts, all combine to make the sort of frolic one had long despaired of getting again.

Another old favourite deserving mild recommendation is Fernandel in *The Cow and I* (Cameo-Poly). One can't help liking the story, a true one, of a French prisoner-of-war farm-worker escaping across Germany with a cow. A nice twist at the end provides the excuse for Fernandel's lapse into melodrama. Between cow and man the relationship, if sentimental at times, has its practical uses (offering besides milk a passport to freedom), and is well within the borders of reason.

Slask, at the Coliseum

The young people of this Polish State Song and Dance Company perform quite easily, quite cleverly and with a sense of rhythm that makes dancing out of time seem an impossibility. I suggest that a few of our enterprising balletomanes attempt to kidnap one of the boys for exhibition to British dancers, since this innate sympathy with the sound is rare over here. The Polish programme starts with a jokey, Gilbert-and-Sullivan, apron-and-beribboned atmosphere. But things improve. The rustic sun diminishes and the dancing grows more energetic; fine, strong girls supporting the men during their spectacular leaps. The traditional songs and dances have been somewhat streamlined, but to hear Maryla Walecka sing of her Fatherland, or to see Michael Jarczyk spin and leap with gay unconcern is exceedingly comforting. The costumes are handsome and, towards the end, so rich and spangled they create a fairy-tale kind of glamour that few modern designers ever achieve.

A.F.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,623 **Set by Tom Brown**

Irish TV is expected to begin within the next few months. The Government of Eire may run into difficulties in collecting the licence fee (about £4) since at present Irish viewers can watch British TV for nothing. The usual prizes are offered for an Irish reaction to the situation in the manner of: Swift, Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce, Somerville and Ross, Synge, O'Casey, Beckett or Brendan Behan. Not more than 100 words or 12 lines of verse. Entries by 11 April.

Result of No. 1,620 **Set by A. Alvarez**

Competitors are invited to compose words for a Marching Song for Aldermaston or Wethersfield, limit 16 lines, to one of the following tunes: 'The Yellow Rose of Texas', 'Men of Harlech', 'Marching through Georgia', 'Land of Hope and Glory' or 'Lillibullero'.

Report

The level of the entries was depressingly low. Since the march is such a grim affair in itself a little gaiety in the songs would be a necessary relief. Alas, too many of the songs merely congratulated the marchers on marching. Here and there were a few good lines: John H. Brockesleby's 'Land of dope and Tory/Bother of the free'; Ken Geering's 'Ho! Brother Hugh, hast been up to see/ Yankee Polaris, rockets an' all?' and Barbara Roe's surprisingly mild:

Land fertile and pleasant,
  Reasonably free,
Things are not at present
  Very easy for thee.
Problems harass and thwart thee;
  Doubtful is thy lot;
Would we might transport thee
  To a safer spot.

The prize is shared between Jean Grant, Ken Geering and Elizabeth McCann for their versions of *The Yellow Rose of Texas*, and Joyce Demesmaker's *Men of Harlech*.

We march from Aldermaston, the Rights of Man to prove
Although the course of Causes never did run smooth.
We raise on high our banners for Issues that we like.
You may condemn the Issue, but you can't condemn the hike.

We're looking ON in anger, and incredulity.
We find it hard to credit Man's base stupidity.
We're full integrated, and spurred by Higher Thought.
If the price is fallen arches, our success is cheaply bought.

JEAN GRANT

Oh the Scarlet Rose of King Street
And the men from CND
They met the VFS lads
On the road to Sanity.
Tho' the road was long and dusty
And stifling was the heat
It was worse at Hiroshima
So they're voting with their feet.

KEN GEERING

O we're ordinary people just like any one of you,
So come along and join us and we'll show what we can do!
We've got an ultimatum for the Men who drive the Bus –
We must finish with the Bomb or else the Bomb will finish us.

O we're ordinary people and it's time we had our say
And we've millions of supporters from Alaska to Bombay,
We've got an ultimatum for the Men who drive the Bus –
We must finish with the Bomb or else the Bomb will finish us.

O we're ordinary people who just want to stay alive,
Instead of sitting waiting for the Judgment to arrive,
We've got an ultimatum for the Men who drive the Bus –
We must finish with the Bomb or else the Bomb will finish us.

O we're ordinary people and the world belongs to us,
And we're tired of the antics of the Men who drive the Bus,
So come along and join us for it's up to you as well,
To finish with the Bomb before it blows us all to Hell.

ELIZABETH MCCANN

Have you heard the latest ditty?
Mushroom clouds are rather pretty!
Government's feeling somewhat witty,
Nothing's what it seems.

So we march towards the city,
For we think it is a pity
To behave like Walter Mitty
In a land of dreams.

Children grow distorted.
And all life is thwarted.
The holocaust will end in dust,
The world will be aborted.

That's why we march beneath our banners.
So the Governmental planners,
If not with wit, at least with manners
Abandon Nuclear schemes.

JOYCE DEMESMAKER

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

However hard you work there is a feeling of guilt associated with living in a place where the kind of working people you know can resort only for holidays. We have the moor on one hand, the sea on the other, and between them only such country as delights the senses; by the rivers wild daffodils were in flower from early in March, and on the banks snowdrops, primroses and violets. In the great gardens the early rhododendrons were towers of colour. Clearly, to live in such a place, though you toil ten hours a day seven days a week to manage it, is frivolous.

Our society being what it has been for a century and a half, there is a deep and ineradicable conviction that serious work, the contribution of a fair share to the common pool, can be done only in hideous surroundings. It is wicked to have bird-song instead of the pneumatic drill, the scent of young grass instead of petrol fumes. Wicked, and, I suppose, for many, boring. I happen to prefer it, but shall never be perfectly easy in the enjoyment of it.

So that there was a curious hint of something like anxiety under the pleasure of being on Lannacombe beach on a Monday in March; beaches are for August, or for Saturday afternoons and to be attained by way of traffic jams between two housing estates. But there it is; when we do take a day off, it is a weekday because we are not forced to join the weekend strife for air and light, we live in them already. Inland, it has been warm and brilliant in the sun but not, daily press accounts notwithstanding, not like June. Temperature does not make the season: a hot March day is like nothing but a hot March day; it is uncovenanted. As we came near the sea, a white mist was blowing in, unsteadily, from west of Start Point. It had no edges: you were in it, and it was cold; then it was warmer and there was that queer light associated with days of a partial sun eclipse; then the temperature jumped five degrees and you were narrowing your eyes against a fierce brightness.

There was the beach: acres of rocks, of shining sands. The tide was flowing gently in small, tight breakers which sighed. Always just above its reach four lapwings ran and paused, ran and paused, thrusting their beaks into the sand. When they ran their legs were invisible. They rose, but to settle again, and their call sounded plaintive. That proved that we are silly to say 'happy as a lark'; a lapwing sounds as sad as a lark sounds happy; but it is to be presumed that the one is as sad or happy as the other. The mist shifted all the time: one moment the beach was golden; the next, with the sun veiled and reduced to a round star you could look at, everything was silver but the rocks whose colours, the slate mauves, blues and greens of a pigeon's breast feathers, emerged under this diffused light.

There was nobody else on the beach: we had its vastness to ourselves. We wandered over the rocks but the water in the pools had not received the same benefit from the premature sunshine of this year as our farm and garden soils: they, at three inches below the surface, are 4°F higher than average for March; but the sea water was cold, and rock-pool fauna was scarce. Yet the seaweeds had their colours and these are not colours you see in land plants. Has anyone, living beside the sea, ever thought of extending gardening to its flora?

No cormorants: are they migratory birds? In September, on this same beach, I had watched one for half an hour, working my way painfully to within six or seven yards of the rock pillar he stood on. Not that I am a bird-watcher; I find fish-watching more soothing. But cormorants are different; they are heraldic. This one, for instance, had assumed the phoenix pose, he was a bird on a blazon or a letterhead. Presently he went off the rock into deep water and it was some minutes before he appeared again, 20 yards away, to swim back to the rock with his body under water so that his head alone protruding suggested the presence below the surface of an infant Loch Ness monster. The tail and half the body of a fish stuck out of his beak, the head was in his throat. Standing on the rock he thrust his head forward awkwardly, then tossed it back, the neck serpentine, then swelling. The fish vanished.

The sea and the moor offer a diversity of materials to the imagination; but only materials. What we see, smell and hear, we make. Which is a good thing: the scientific spirit is all right for scientists, but there is something better provided you're not afraid of sentiment. Take the seagulls, for instance, that came in out of the mist from a more westerly beach and settled in a flock. Had you recorded their cries and again those of another flock following a tractor ploughing a field in Kent, the recordings would have produced cries indistinguishable from each other. But the cry of these west country gulls did not sound the same to me: what I heard was suited to that wide beach, the expanse of shining sand and matt rock and moving water turned to polished pewter by the mist. The gull cry, peevish and domestic in the east, was here melancholy and feral.

City Lights

TAURUS

It's a crude business, annoying because it distracts attention from serious economic problems, but you can't really ignore it. If there's not enough money to go round, then everyone feels poor; everyone tries to improve his own position by spending less, and trade spirals down. The international supply of money consists largely of pounds and dollars. If fear of a shift in the exchange rate makes people temporarily reluctant to hold these, the effective size of the money supply is vastly reduced and the threat of a trade recession vastly increased. Speculation, and hot money, and the little men in Zurich deserve the space they get.

The situation has improved considerably in the past couple of weeks. The agreement between European central banks to support each other's currency seems to be working reasonably well and the markets are much quieter. Germany is beginning to co-operate hard. Not only is she to repay the rest of her post-war debt to Britain 12 years in advance, but she has publicly agreed to help make the International Monetary Fund work by lending it D-marks; the next step is a formal arrangement for the IMF to borrow automatically from surplus countries and re-lend to deficit countries, and it should not be too difficult to take.

The aid talks which have been taking place this week are even more important. The US idea is that everyone should contribute aid to underdeveloped countries according to their resources and should guarantee their contribution in advance. There are obvious difficulties in this suggestion, not least for the US itself, since parliaments are reluctant to lose their year-by-year control over budgets by committing themselves to anything for some years ahead. But it is so obviously sensible that it stands a good chance of being accepted. The West is at last making a conscious effort to overcome the more obvious disadvantages of its fragmentation, and the outlook is more hopeful than for years past. Mr Kennedy can claim most of the credit for this welcome improvement.

* * *

The world, of course, was ready for Mr Kennedy. The Bank of England, in much the same way, has begun a new chapter several months before the new Governor actually takes office. Its second quarterly bulletin is filled with evidence of the change. There is an article, for example, on leads and lags in foreign payments – a vague and unsatisfactory article, admittedly, but just the sort of subject which the Bank is best able to illuminate: it is a remarkable advance that it should now be prepared to discuss such a subject in cold print, admitting the extent of its ignorance and the shakiness of the basis on which its policies have to rest. The review

CO-OPERATIVE PERMANENT
BUILDING SOCIETY

Extracts from the Review of the Society's operations for the year 1960
by C. J. Dunham, President, at the Annual General Meeting in London on the 25th March 1961

ASSETS NEARLY £240 MILLION

The Accounts present a most satisfactory picture. Not only have our Assets risen by some £18 million to £239 million, but the Reserves have been considerably strengthened and now amount to over £8 million.

Mortgage advances constituted an all-time record at £35 million, and the total balance outstanding on mortgages increased from £182 million to £195 million.

Shareholders' and Depositors' balances show an increase of £7 million, and now stand at £216 million.

Cash and investment holdings at the end of the year were over £40 million, representing 16.8 per cent. of total assets.

INTEREST RATE EXPECTATION

Building societies have always tried to avoid frequent fluctuations in the level of interest rates. Future interest rates will be dependent on the Society's ability to attract sufficient funds and upon the general trend of rates offered to savers. I would not expect, however, any variation in building society rates during the next few months.

HOME BUYING ON LESS THAN £15 A WEEK

Throughout 1960 we were under pressure for advances on mortgage and once again, regretfully, our Branches had to turn many people away; they made every effort, however, to meet the requirements of our own members. Of our total lending during the year, £33 million was advanced to owner-occupier borrowers. The demand for mortgages still continues, and it seems unlikely that it will decline in the foreseeable future.

Home ownership is no longer confined to any particular income group. The analysis recently published by this Society caused a great deal of surprise by demonstrating that the number of people buying their own homes contained a high proportion of those in the lower income groups. Of the mortgages granted over a six months' period over 50 per cent. of the Society's new borrowers earned less than £15 per week, and 80 per cent. had incomes of under £1,000 a year.

HALF A MILLION MEMBERS

The total membership of the Society has increased, and has now reached the figure of 530,377. I should like to emphasis how much we value family membership — that is to say membership of parents as investors or borrowers, and of their children as regular savers. We hope you will do all you can to send members of your family and your friends along to the local branch where they will be made very welcome.

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of financial events during the past quarter is even more encouraging; the joints still show, there is still an occasional tendency to retreat into jargon, the polite pretence that Whitehall and Threadneedle Street always agree is kept up with too much determination – but the general approach is frank and analytical. At this rate, the Treasury will soon be forced to bring out a bulletin of its own.

* * *

The stock market, having risen almost to its highest point ever, has turned suddenly shy. But the stags are rampaging. The rampage began with the success of a few issues with well-known names, notably Jaeger and Tonibell, and is now tremendous. This week we have had Keith Prowse and a couple of less familiar names; all were vastly oversubscribed – Keith Prowse, for example, 77 times – and all began their life in the market at a substantial premium. It will be surprising if there are not more issues to come.

A large part of the money involved in these stagging operations must be put up by the banks. The banks, in fact, seem to be taking full advantage of the change from directive to special deposits and squeezing credit only where it suits them to squeeze. The Midland's liquidity ratio, even after heavy sales of gilt-edged to the Bank of England, is now well below the 30 per cent which is supposed to be a minimum. The banks, quite reasonably, do not like the special deposits system in its present rigid form. They have been doing too well for the past couple of years to relish the idea of official interference with their operations, and they are not co-operating any more than they have to – rather less, in fact. But what can you do, short of giving the chairmen a reflective month in Wormwood Scrubs?

Company News

Associated Newspapers shares (*Mail, Sketch, Sunday Dispatch, Evening News*) are strong and active: Mr Thomson has denied everything.

The outline of the *ICI* results was known in advance: the new detail is that both sales and profit margins fell in the second half of the year.

Lombard Banking paid its forecast dividend, but it turns out to have been more than current earnings could cover; the group is having to retreat expensively out of Africa, but domestic business is beginning to improve, and the rate of interest paid on deposits is to be raised.

Union Corporation, despite the steady fall in gold share prices, has reported profits up by over a third and a higher dividend: the explanation is simply that it has kept control of its three new mines.

Vine Products, which makes British wines and Britvic fruit juices, has increased its profit by 15 per cent and raised its dividend.

Swan Hunter's income, thanks largely to higher interest and dividends, has risen for the first time in four years.

Grattan Warehouses, the mail-order firm, did well out of last year's clothing boom and has announced higher profits, an increased dividend, and a scrip issue.

The maintained *Associated Electrical* dividend turns out to have been covered mostly by investment allowances.

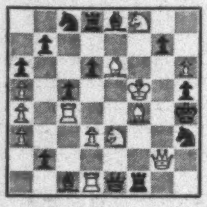
The lager battle is warming up: *Mitchells and Butlers* is going in with *Guinness* and *Courage* to make Harp Lager, while *Charringtons* has arranged to bottle Carlsberg in this country.

The Chess Board

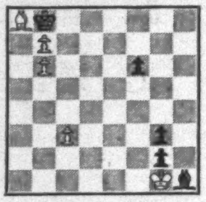
No. 594. Double Purpose

Or should I say 'multiple'? More precisely, so far as **A** is concerned, I might call it a quadruple purpose piece; or even quintuple when considering that (by a very slight stretch of imagination) it presents the pleasing image of an easter-egg, thereby providing the desirable seasonal connotation. Moreover, it is a mate in 2 for White as well as for Black, and it is also a sui-mate in 2 for whoever moves first. In awarding three points for each of such simple chores I feel quite generous; and even more so in lavishing as much as one point each for the two problems of **B**. It's a win for whoever moves first, and it was specially designed for lazy solvers. Varying the late Edgar Wallace's famous publicity slogan one might say that it is impossible not to solve this problem. Having thus amassed 14 ladder-points with no effort competitors may have to work a minute or two to collect their 6 points for **C** (by K. Fabel 1960). No diagram required. Take the Black King, the White King and both White Rooks and put up those pieces in such a way as to facilitate an immediate mate by any of four different moves. For a generous 8 points **D** is quite a bargain too. White, of course, could mate on the move by promoting his RP, but he is determining to lose the game. How can he force Black to mate him in four moves? To make this even simpler than it is, I might add the useful hint that different promotions are involved in each of White's four moves.

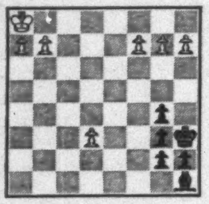
A: Sam Loyd 1910



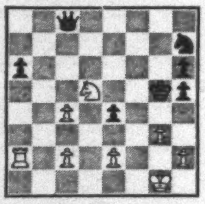
B: Eugene B. Cook



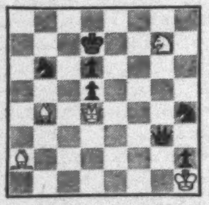
D: G. Reichhelm



E: A. A. Troitzky 1898



F: E. Mundra 1948



After all those trifles the more seriously minded competitors are entitled to some solid meat of honest endgame studies; and such fare should be well provided by both **E** (a win) and **F** (a draw). Neither of them is very easy, but they aren't too difficult either, and in rating them as highly as 8 and 9 points I merely wish to bring the grand total up to the 45 points customary for a holiday weekend. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 April.

REPORT on No. 591. Set 10 March

A: 1) . . . RxB ch; 2) KxR, R-K7 ch; 3) R-B2, QxBP ch; 4) K-R3, Q-R4 mate.

B: 1) P-Kt7, Kt-R6; 2) P=Q, R-Kt8 ch; 3) K-B3, RxQ stalemate. If 1) . . . Kt-B6; . . . 3) K-R3. If 1) . . . Kt-Q7; 2) P=Q, R-Kt8 ch; 3) K-B5. If 1) . . . R-K7; 2) K-Kt3, Kt-Q7 ch; 3) K-R4, Kt-B5; 4) P=Q, R-R7 ch; 5) K any, R-Kt7 ch; 6) K-R4! etc.

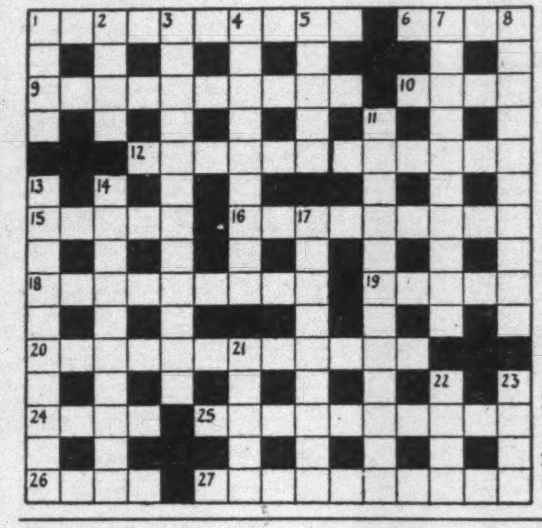
C: 1) B-Kt2 ch! (RxB?), B-K4; 2) R-Q6!!, R-Kt4 (best); 3) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2; 4) R-QKt8!!, R-Q4; 5) P-K4, etc.

Many bouquets for a relatively easy chore. Prizes: K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, S. N. Collings, H. Garfath, J. H. Philips, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 451

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 451, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 11 April.



ACROSS

1. Awkward, but if there were land for some it would be in the north (10).
6. Creatures from the left soon in power (4).
9. Moving awkwardly as something silent before the sea (10).
10. 'Fostered alike by beauty and by — ' (Wordsworth) (4).
12. What the young woman has in store for the painter of nudes? (6, 6).
15. Piece of publicity about fighting for a prize (5).
16. Masters, for example, made into gamblers (9).
18. Serpentine signs for aquatic events (9).
19. Material made from gold and half the capital (5).
20. Reform the locals in various possible ways (12).
24. 'As good almost —— a man as —— a good book' (Milton) (4).
25. Religious activity is most of the cure put before a depressing time (10).
26. Ambush the retreating section (4).
27. The expert viewer makes the confounded moron stare (10).

DOWN

1. Prepare the gun for shooting the bird (4).
2. Lament of a being without love (4).
3. Those who do needlework may give the bride remorse (12).
4. Modification of strict age as a matter of policy (9).
5. A note either way (5).
7. Does not resort to power to liberate revolutionary elements? (10).
8. Strange when the rebellion follows the king going in to dine (10).
11. Perhaps I sat with relation of philosopher (12).
13. Source of light as found in Great Britain on the row (10).
14. Dance in which half the capers are between a sailor and a girl (10).
17. Playwright who is the performer of an abbreviated choral work (9).
21. Under Diana the stars would make records (5).
22. Piece of land for a long way over a thousand (4).
23. Put up with animal (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 449

M	Y	C	R	O	F	T	■	T	A	P	P	I	N	G
E	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	N	■	R
N	O	R	M	S	■	R	O	S	I	N	A	N	T	E
A	■	P	■	I	■	G	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	N
C	H	A	N	D	L	E	R	■	S	T	Y	R	I	A
E	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	D
S	O	H	O	■	S	E	R	P	E	N	T	I	N	E
■	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	N	■	■
C	H	A	M	B	E	R	T	I	N	■	C	A	S	H
R	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	N	■	P	■	M	■	O
O	P	T	I	O	N	■	A	G	R	I	M	O	N	Y
P	■	I	■	L	■	B	■	B	■	P	■	R	■	D
P	E	R	M	U	T	A	T	E	■	I	R	A	T	E
E	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	D	■	N	■	T	■	N
R	E	D	D	E	N	S	■	S	I	G	N	A	L	S

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Dr G. Kitron (Jerusalem)
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About 12 vacancies exist for honours graduates and others who are suitably qualified. Selection will be by tests and interviews in June and July.

Candidates should possess a competent knowledge of at least one foreign language of value to the Foreign Service, and it will be an advantage to have

(a) a knowledge of a Middle Eastern or Oriental language;

or (b) a knowledge of economic, commercial, or financial matters;

or (c) a scientific education or background;

or (d) experience of journalism or public relations;

or (e) post-graduate academic experience, especially of some aspect of foreign or public affairs.

The age limits are at least 28 and under 35 on 1 August 1961 (extension for candidates under 45 with regular service in HM Forces, Overseas Civil Service or Sudan Service).

The London salary scales are £1,382-£1,704 for Grade 8, and £1,766-£2,468 for Grade 7. These salaries are under review. There are prospects of promotion to higher posts.

For further particulars and an application form write to the Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting 292/61. Completed application forms should be returned by 9 May 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

DEPARTMENT OF EXTRAMURAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for the post of STAFF TUTOR IN LOCAL STUDIES with special reference to SOUTH YORKSHIRE, to take up appointment on 1 September 1961. Candidates should be History Graduates, preferably with experience of research in local history and of teaching the subject to adults. Salary on the scale £800 x 50 – 950 (Probationary Tutor); £1,050 x 50 – 1,400 x 75 – 1,850 (Staff Tutor) according to qualifications and experience, with FSSU provision, family allowances and grant for removal expenses. Applications (10 copies) by 22 April 1961 to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ST MARGARET'S School, Stockland, Bridgwater. Resident qualified teacher required with vocational interest in teaching maladjusted children. Class of 10-12 children. Salary £400 per annum plus full board and lodging. Pension scheme. Yearly increments. Applications to Principals.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

DUNDEE TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Department of Management and Higher Commercial Studies

The Board of Governors invites applications for two additional posts as LECTURER IN MANAGEMENT STUDIES.

Candidates should be graduates with research, or business experience in one or two of the following fields, namely: Psychology, Sociology, Accounting, Industry and Trade, Marketing, Production, Business Administration.

Research and the development of special courses is encouraged.

Temporary housing accommodation may be available.

Salary – Lecturers (Grade I) – £1,050 x £50 – £1,700.

Application form and further particulars may be obtained from the Clerk and Treasurer, Institute of Art and Technology, 40 Bell Street, Dundee, to whom applications must be submitted not later than 14 April 1961.

Peterborough Joint Education Board
PETERBOROUGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Applications are invited for the following full-time appointments for 1 September 1961:

1. Grade B ASSISTANT to teach BIOLOGY to GCE Advanced Level and to Pre-Nursing Classes with some General Science.
2. Grade B ASSISTANT to teach PHYSICS to GCE Advanced Level and to ONC classes.

For these posts either teacher training or teaching experience is an additional recommendation.

Salaries in accordance with Burnham Technical Scales with allowances for degree and approved industrial/commercial experience: £700 minimum rising to £1,150 p.a.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal, Peterborough Technical College, Eastfield Road, Peterborough to whom applications should be returned within 14 days.

MARYPORT BOYS' CLUB

Applications are invited from suitably experienced men with initiative for the post of full-time leader for Maryport Boys' Club. The club will shortly be extending its existing premises and the person appointed will be expected to develop activities considerably. The club is affiliated to the National Association of Boys' Clubs.

Salary will be paid in accordance with experience within the scale of £520 x £27 10s. to £850 per annum.

Application forms can be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from Mr F. G. Fisher, 19 Christian Street, Maryport, and should be returned when completed to Mr Fisher not later than 14 April 1961.

ALMONER or Social Worker with Social Science qualifications and experience required at St Andrew's Hospital, Bow, London, E3. Please apply to Head Almoner, with full particulars.

WANTED Tutors Summer Sch. for foreigners. London. July, Aug. Box 747.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ROYAL PERTH HOSPITAL

Western Australia

MEDICAL SOCIAL WORKERS

Applications are invited from Medical Social Workers to fill vacant posts in the Almoner Department of this Hospital.

Royal Perth Hospital is the main teaching hospital associated with the Medical School University of Western Australia, and has upwards of 850 beds (including 110 beds at the Shenton Park Annexe which functions as a rehabilitation hospital). The Hospital provides a full range of services associated with a modern 'acute' hospital.

SALARY: Within the range of £A1,053-£A1,341 per annum, dependent on qualifications and experience.

The general conditions of employment include two weeks annual leave plus approximately 14 gazetted public holidays. Accommodation is available at the Hospital, if required.

Candidates are offered proportionate refund of minimum First Class sea passage on the basis of the number of years service, e.g. one-third refunded for one year's service, two-thirds refunded for two years' service, and full passage refunded on the completion of three years' service, for candidates meeting own travel costs to Australia. Alternatively, candidates may travel to Australia under the Assisted Passages Scheme (free travel) with the statutory contribution of £10 Sterling by the appointee. Details of this latter mode of travel may be obtained from the Agent General for Western Australia, Savoy House, 115 Strand, London, WC2, who will also be pleased to supply information regarding the State of Western Australia.

Applicants should state age, qualifications, experience including present appointment, and the names and addresses of two professional referees.

Closing date: 15 April 1961.

F. R. LEPPARD,
Acting Administrator.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHAMPTON

CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

Applications invited appointment of Psychiatric Social Workers. Clinic associated with Social Casework (generic) Course at Southampton University. Mental Health Certificate necessary. Students completing training considered.

Apply Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

MATRON and Assistant required for small co-educational school. Please write giving age and experience to St Catherine's School, Almondsbury, Bristol.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

THE UNITED NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE HOSPITALS

Royal Victoria Infirmary

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE

Applications are invited from fully qualified Psychiatric Social Workers (men or women) for a new hospital post in the above department which is administered jointly by the Medical School and the Teaching Hospital. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations.

The department is under the direction of the Professor of Psychological Medicine and is the centre for psychiatric teaching and research in the region. There is a busy out-patient department and a new in-patient and day hospital unit for psychoneuroses which is run on group therapy lines. There is already a university Psychiatric Social Worker and one trainee in the department which is used as a placement for students from the new Applied Science Studies course and for practical work for undergraduate social studies students. Teaching of undergraduate and post-graduate medical students is also undertaken. The main duties of the person appointed will be to deal with the increasing clinical work consequent upon the opening of the new unit where there is ample scope for the development of personal interests.

Applications should be sent, with the names of three referees, to the House Governor & Secretary, Royal Victoria Infirmary, Queen Victoria Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, by 30 April 1961.

Vacancies have occurred for Young Lady

MARKET RESEARCH INTERVIEWERS

of good background and general education who will be required to carry out house-to-house investigations in all parts of the Country. They should be prepared to live in either London/Manchester where they will return each weekend. Freedom from mid-week domestic ties is essential.

Applicants must like outdoor work and be in the best of health.

No previous experience is necessary as a thorough training will be given.

A good commencing salary plus travelling and hotel expenses and generous meal allowances will be paid.

Write giving details of age and education to:

The Personnel Manager,
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE LIMITED,
76 Oxford Street, London W1.

Interviews for the Manchester positions will take place in Manchester.

CANADA. Teacher (s) m./f. wanted village school nr Ottawa. Details Box 1736.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist required for French and Italian Departments at University College London (Gower St, WC1); good knowledge of both languages essen. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM

SOCIAL WORKER IN MENTAL HEALTH

Applications are invited for a post as After-Care Visitor (man or woman) to visit in their homes children and young people unsuitable for education at school, and former pupils of the Authority's special schools for educationally sub-normal children. The post is on the staff of the Chief Education Officer and involves close co-operation with the Mental Health Branch of the Public Health Department.

Preference will be given to candidates holding a relevant degree and/or University Diploma.

Salary at present for Qualified staff – special scale for social welfare officers £665 x £25(2) x £35(4) x £30(4) – £975.

For unqualified staff £665 by similar increments to £915.

Appointment is subject to medical and X-ray examinations and to the Local Government Superannuation Act.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned and should be returned not later than Monday, 17 April 1961. E. L. RUSSELL, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Special Services Branch, 154 Gt Charles Street, Birmingham, 3.

ITALY

SEVERAL DOZEN POSTS AVAILABLE FOR BRITISH GIRLS OF GOOD BACKGROUND. AU-PAIR, MOTHER'S HELP, ETC. ALSO SIMILAR POSTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Apply: OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY, 45 CHURCH ST, RICKMANSWORTH and at San Francisco, California.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education – The Institute propose to appoint a Staff Tutor to be mainly concerned with its course for the Institute Certificate for Approved School Housemasters. Experience with mentally or physically handicapped or maladjusted children or of residential work with children will be an advantage. The courses are held at the Institute in Newcastle and at Aycliffe School and other approved schools in the North East. The appointment will, in the first instance, be for five years. The person appointed will be required to take up duties on 1 September 1961. Initial salary within the range £1,050 x £50 to £1,400 x £75 to £1,550(bar) x £75 to £1,850 per year, with family allowances and FSSU. Further particulars may be obtained from The Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham, to whom applications (12 copies), together with names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent so as to reach him by Saturday, 8 April 1961. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only).

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute propose to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £800 to £1,650 per year according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on 1 October 1961. The Institute will welcome proposals for work on any aspect of educational research including educational sociology and allied fields of study. Superannuation under the FSSU or otherwise can be arranged. Twelve copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including twelve copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with The Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than Saturday, 8 April 1961. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only).

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School, Drewstead Road, Streatham, SW16. Educational Psychologist. Owing to the appointment of the present Educational Psychologist to the position of Assistant Principal, applications are invited for the post of part-time Educational Psychologist (female) at the above Home Office Approved School where girls between the ages of 14 and 17 are received for classifying. The successful applicant would be required to carry out mental testing, remedial coaching and to advise on all matters relating to education in the school. Fee on normal sessional basis. Candidates should give full details of their training, qualifications and experience, together with copies of two testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees. Applications should be sent to the Principal at the School.

LONDON County Council. Adventure Playground in South London. Assistant leader required immediately; evenings in term-time and full time school holidays. Application forms (giving rates of pay, obtainable from Education Officer, (PS.8/N/768/3a), County Hall, SE1) should be completed and returned as soon as possible.

WANTED, married couple to act as warden and cook in large Youth Hostel in Inverness-shire. For particulars apply by letter: SYHA, 77 Constitution Rd, Dundee.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

HOME Civil Service: Administrative Class. 30 pensionable posts as Principal for men and women at least 30 and under 45 on 1.8.61 (age limits extended to (a) 'under 52' for those with regular service in HM Forces or Overseas Civil Service ending on or after 1.8.59 and (b) 'under 60' for temporary members of the Administrative Class not below Principal). University degree essential except for candidates specified under (a) and (b). Selection by short written examination, administrative tests and interview. Salary scale (Inner London) £1,781-£2,483; starting salary may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 568/61. Closing date 20 April 1961.

BBC requires Publicity Officer (Television). Duties: to collect information from programme departments and write interesting and accurate stories, to assist in answering Press enquiries about Television programmes, and to provide ideas for the promotion of the BBC Television Service and its purposes. Journalistic experience, interest in and knowledge of BBC Television programmes, ability to build up and maintain good relations with the Press and Television staff essential. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.131. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, SW1. Psychiatric Social Worker required (female). Qualified or fully experienced, for work with adults and children, Out-Patients and In-Patients. NHS salary scale. Hospital may be visited by arrangement. Applications with names of two referees to Assistant Secretary.

SRN required as Matron of a small Home for elderly blind, men and women, at Maldon, Essex. Experience with blind people unnecessary, but kindness and compassion essential. Must be used to dealing with staff. Salary by arrangement. Good accommodation, free uniform, pension facilities. Apply: The Secretary, Metropolitan Society for the Blind, 56 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for resident posts of unusual interest falling vacant in September. A small well-established pioneering co-ed. school in Scotland requires a teacher of science, preferably biology, and a teacher of juniors. Personal qualifications as important as professional. Imagination and a sense of vocation – even of adventure – essential, as well as experience. A couple could be considered. Box 1690.

LONDON County Council. Mental Welfare Officer (man or woman) preferably with social science qualification required as member of team of mental health social workers in one of nine health divisions of the county. Work offers scope for those interested in community care of the mentally disordered. Occasional weekend and evening duty on rota basis at County Hall. £740-£1,060 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Car allowance for travelling on official duties. Married women eligible. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health, (D1/N/780/3), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 17 April.

BRITISH Student Tuberculosis Foundation, Pinewood Hospital, Wokingham, Berkshire. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary, which will be vacant in early June. Duties are as the administrator of this student charity and warden of the Student Unit at Pinewood Hospital. Ability to type required; university graduates preferred. Salary from £650 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. House for rent. Further particulars on request; applications, giving names of two refs, should be sent by 17 April 1961 to the Chairman of the Foundation at above address.

INSTITUTE of Child Health (University of London). Private Secretary required for the Reader in Child Health at the Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W12. Salary within the range £600-£750. Adaptability and initiative essential, previous medical experience desirable, but not necessary. Apply to the Secretary, Institute of Child Health, Great Ormond Street, WC1.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist in Department of Political Economy; preferably aged 21-25; with Secretarial experience and good speeds. Interesting post; good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

SECRETARY sh/typist for Managing Director of Fleet Street PR Consultancy. Colour, religion, and politics immaterial. But a young boss prefers young staff. Top salary. Ring Stephens (FLE. 5828) for appointment.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist, either sex, but must be competent and experienced. WC1 area. Top salary. TER. 7687.

EASTER eggs or Nest eggs you can afford both with a good job through Winifred Johnson, Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages), HOLborn 0390.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

SECRETARY required for literary editor of this journal. First-class typing and shorthand essential. Knowledge of music an advantage. Write Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. There is a vacancy in that section of the Registrar's department which deals with academic timetables. The work is responsible, interesting and demanding, for the timetables concerned are of great intricacy; it calls for patience and perseverance, an ability to take quick decisions, tact and calmness in difficult situations, and a logical and methodical turn of mind. These qualities are probably of greater importance than actual experience of timetabling or administrative work in a university, though both of these would be regarded as added qualifications. The immediate vacancy is for an assistant, with a view to taking charge of the section within a few months. The initial salary will depend on the candidate's qualifications and experience and will be at some point between £600 and £800 a year. In exceptional circumstances it might be higher. Applications, with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, London, WC2 not later than 11 April 1961.

OXFORD Committee for Famine Relief has vacancies for additional Appeals Organisers in (1) London, (2) South-West England, (3) Merseyside and North Wales, (4) Tyneside and North of England. The duties of a regional appeals organiser are to stimulate support for the work of the charity throughout the area, and to encourage work by voluntary helpers. These activities offer scope for a great deal of initiative, and demand good organising ability. The appointments are permanent, and carry adequate, but not luxurious salaries. There is a staff pension fund, and a non-contributory life assurance scheme after a qualifying period. Applications from men or women with a real interest in the aims of the Committee should be sent to the Secretary, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

MEDICAL Research Council. Secretary required by Social Medicine Research Unit. Varied and interesting work. Salary according to qualifications and experience; maximum £759. Superannuation. Please apply to Director, SMRU, The London Hospital Research Laboratories, Ashfield Street, London, E1.

UNITED Nations Association. The Secretary requires private secretary with good shorthand and typing. Varied and interesting work. Five-day week. £435 rising by 4 increments to £540 p.a.; one or two increments up for previous experience. Post vacant now. UNA, 25 Charles Street, W1. (GROsvenor 2784).

PART-time secretary (f.) for inventor 3 afternoons p.w. Intelligence and interest prefd to experience. RIV. 6900.

HOUSEKEEPER needed, now or by end August, by scientist (widower) with daughters 6 and 8. Edinburgh. Box 1813.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PART-time work wanted London area by versatile married woman 36 with own car – secretarial, languages – interest more important than salary. Box 1718.

SWEDISH secretary, 5 years exp. London office, seeks work, pref. where Swedish useful. 5 a.m.'s or p.m.'s. Box 1793.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

NW5. Attractive b/s.-room, edge Hampstead Heath. Own cooking facs, etc. £2 15s. p.w. Single bus. girl only. Box 1899.

WELL-furn. room, const. h. & c., cen. htg, use kit., bath. GLA. 5364.

FLATSHARERS Register, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. KNI. 0232/0395.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

BAYSWATER, W2. Unfurn. s/c. 3rd floor flat: 2 rms, k. & b. 6½ gns weekly. Lease f. & f. £150. BAY. 1552.

RICHMOND. B/s. rm & kit. Rent & furnishing by arangement. RIC. 3819.

FURN. large room, 2 div., 3 French windows, balcony overlkg gdns, kit. £5 10s.; flat 3 rooms, bath, kit. £7 10s. Quiet house nr River, full sun. RIV. 6597.

TO let for 3 months: large pleas. rm, £4 p.w. Maida Vale. CUN. 0206 mornings.

S/C. sunny single or double bed-sitter, part central heating, use kitchen, hot water. 6 mins Underground. MEA. 2424.

4-BERTH caravan W. Wittering. All mod. cons. 4-6 gns. Coolham (Sx) 319.

WICKLOW Mountains, furn. cottage to let (except 15 July-12 Aug.), sleep 5, exquisite views. Box 1761.

PRIMITIVE cottage in picturesque Welsh mountains, fishing, vacant except during school hols. £4 p.w. Box 1825.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

CORNWALL. 2 furn. chalets in quiet cliffside woodland garden. All mains. (Both sleep 4). Not August. Thomas, Hawk's Point Cottage, Carbis Bay, St Ives. Tel. 2341

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

UNIVERSITY Professor wants furnished 6-roomed house in North London in August for 9 months. Write: Mrs Bastable, 23 Clissold Court, Green Lanes, N4.

WRITER & wife (Archæol. stud.) req. 2-rm flat, furn./unfurn. Box 1821.

ACTOR wants comfortable room conv. tube, buses; phone available. Box 748.

FURN. flat nr Luxborough St, Marylebone for elderly couple June-Oct. Box 1792.

QUIET couple (both research students) seek unfurn. flat. 2 rms, bath & kit. Easy reach WC1. Box 1808.

SELF-contained furn. flat Sth Ken.-Earls Ct area, reasonable rent, required latter end of April by 2 middle-aged gentlemen, good tenants. Box 1814.

THEATRICAL producer (at present writing book) sks fairly central bed-sitter (cooking facils) in informal household. Telephone essential. Modest rent an advantage. Box 1913 or phone FLA. 7926 after 6 April.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

APRIL Labour Monthly: What is Defence? R. Palme Dutt; The Non-Manual Worker, George Elvin; The Bomb: Next Steps, a Peace Symposium. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'WHICH?' gives value-for-money reports, based on scientific tests and independent surveys. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

STAYING in London after the March? Collet's invite you to their Bookshop at 64 Charing Cross Road, WC2, for Britain's biggest selection of progressive literature, and to their Record Shop, 70 New Oxford Street, WC1, for folk music records from all over the world.

'ALLEN Dulles: A Study of a Master Spy', Bob Edwards, MP, and Kenneth Dunne. 'Mass of carefully documented information'. 3s. 6d. post free Chemical Workers Union, c/o Housmans, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1.

SAFE Guidance in buying car safety belts is offered to readers of March 'Shopper's Guide' (10s. p.a.). Consumer Council exists to assist wise buying of many branded goods. Write Orchard House, Orchard Street, W1.

TAKE a Penguin on the March. Good wishes and weather from Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St, NW3.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

GERMAN Books bought by Continental Book Supply, 42 Commercial Road, Ldn, E1. Mail business only! MOU. 1482.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity: Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

KITEBROOK House Preparatory School, Moreton - in - Marsh, Gloucestershire, girls to 13 years, boys to 9 years; happy, interesting school life in ideal Cotswold country surroundings; individual care and tuition; careful preparation Common Entrance examination; riding. Principal: Mrs M. J. McDermott, NFF Tel.: Barton-on-the-Heath 350.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principal: E. C. Urban.

CONSULT the Independent Schools Association Year Book 1961 for full information about some six hundred boarding and day schools in England and Wales for girls and boys. Details of boarding facilities, scholarship examinations, and careers are included. This is the official reference book of the Independent Schools Association Incorporated and is obtainable from A. & C. Black Limited, 4 Soho Square, London, W1, and all booksellers price 18s. (19s. 9d. including postage).

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

COURSES etc—contd from p.532

HOME Preparation for Examinations University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas. General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 12 April to 7 June. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7 (KNIghtsbridge 6833).

BIBLE Study – Correspondence Course free on application to Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N10, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing), Mabel Eyles. Tel.: ENTerprise 3324.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons Miss Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

GENTLEMAN lectures on Memory Mastery to managements, student bodies, organisations etc. New exciting method. Box 1752.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER School of Art, Dartington Hall, 20-27 July 1961. For people of all ages who wish to spend a week of their holidays painting, dyeing and printing fabric, making pottery and participating in one or two special projects. Prospectus from the Secretary, Dartington Hall Arts Centre, Totnes, S Devon.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

FAMILY Courses in Wiltshire. 29 July-4 Aug.; 5-11 Aug. Talks and discussions for adults in Manor; children looked after in adjoining camp; joint excursions. Cost: 7 gns (adults); £5 (children); registration fee 10s. per head. Details of all courses from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

WHERE TO STAY

THE CLIFTON HOTEL
EASTBOURNE

Comfortable Hotel. Passenger lift to all floors. Hot & cold water. Fires in all rooms. Reduced prices for children. Cocktail Lounge and fully licensed bars. Restaurant and Grill room. Garage adjacent. 5 minutes from sea. Brochure with pleasure from Resident Manager, Clifton Hotel, South St. Tel. Eastbourne 327

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' – John Freeman, 'New Statesman'.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N S Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay

BRITAIN'S best Holiday Farms, Country Guest Houses, Caravans, etc; 1,500 reviews illus. in 1961 Guide. Send 4s. 1d. Farm Guide, (B7) 18 High St, Paisley.

THE Brickwall Hotel, Sedlescombe, Sussex. A picturesque old house, now a comfortable warm well-run Hotel in terraced garden fronting village green. Good motoring centre for SE England, only 55 miles London. AA, RAC. Excellent food, well-chosen wines. Tel.: Sedlescombe 253.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

A FEW paying guests welcome to country house in secluded corner of island overlooking sea. Large garden, good food, reasonable charges, no extras. Children welcome. Mrs Downes, Beauchamp, St Lawrence, Isle of Wight. Tel. Niton 422.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, near sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

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PERSONAL

LADY (British) 36, experienced as hotel receptionist, hostess, bookings, reservations, travel, fluent French and Italian, also capable secretary, would like position for short or long period in one of the leading hotels in Sardinia. Box 1880.

GRADUATES and young professional people invited William Temple Association, Anglican graduate society. London discussion groups Africa, Advertising, Miracles, Press, etc, meet 11 April, 7.30. Branches elsewhere. Details Liddon House, London diocesan centre for instruction, personal help, retreats, etc, 24 South Audley St, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

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TEACHER, aged 27, looking for flat-holders to share their flat from mid-April, or girls willing to co-operate in finding a flat, NW London. Box 1803.

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PT-time work reqd by retd designer (f.). Book/Art shop or sim., recep. etc. Hampstead, Highgate or WC area. Box 1664.

EXCHANGE Teachers Club, London, Charter Flight, London/NY Summer 1962, approx. £80. Contact Miss Thomas, 86 All Souls Ave, NW10. S.a.e. please.

YOUNG man (yes, another) needs work, at home or abroad, before reading PPE in Oct. '62. Any offers? Box 1812.

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ARTISTS wishing to participate in the second Camden Passage Art Exhibition, 15-23 April 1961, should apply at once to: Organiser, CPTA, 106 Islington High Street, N1. CAN. 5083.

PLAYER-Playwrights meet Mondays 7 p.m. at British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, to read members' plays. New members welcome. Call Monday: or write Secretary, 25 Lloyd Square, WC1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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5 April	Danses Concertantes, The Invitation, Pineapple Poll
7 April	Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Patineurs, Antigone
8 April (mat. & evg)	The Sleeping Beauty

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0, Th. 2.30, 'You in your small corner'. Mems.

QUESTORS Theatre, Ealing. 3-8 April. Visit by the Stephen Joseph Company. 'Five Finger Exercise', 'Four Minute Warning', 'Victoria Regina'. All 3 are Arena productions. Members only. EAL. 5184.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Th. 2.30, S. 5.0, 8.15. 'Jacques' by Ionesco.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Easter Mon. 8, sub. 8. S. 5, 8. 'Glory Be', Irish musical.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'The Maids' and 'Barnstable' 1 Apr. (mems. only). 'The Shoemaker's Holiday' 7, 8, (Mems. 9), 12-15 Apr. at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Affluent Athenian', new satire by Derek Hall, commencing 7 April, 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'A Bill of One-Act Plays' by Bernard Shaw, Harold Pinter, Wolf Mankowitz, Thornton Wilder and others. 2.30 and 7.30, 1, 3 April. Admission free.

CONCERTS

'Africa Freedom Day'
Concert at
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
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20s., 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s.
Organised by Movement for Colonial Freedom.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). (1) Weekly Thursdays Univ. Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dance – 6 April, 7.30, on 'Sitar as Exponent of Music of India-Pakistan' by V. K. Nulkar – 38 Russell Sq., WC1. Adm. 2s. 6d. (2) Further inf. re. (a) Tagore Centenary Celebration in May with Tagore Music and Dance-Dramas, (b) Classes to teach Asian Music and Dances, from Dir., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, N3. FIN. 2934.

CONCERTS—continued

SUMMER School of Music. (Dir. of Music: William Glock. Sec.: John Amis). Dartington Hall, Devon. 29 July-26 Aug. Artists & Teachers include: Elisabeth Soderstrom, Kerstin Meyer, Maggie Teyte, Jennifer Vyvyan, John Ogdon, Julian Bream, George Malcolm, Norbert Brainin, Luigi Nono, Malcolm Arnold, Ernest Lush, Reginald Goodall, Bruno Maderna, Edward Steuermann, Marius Goring, Alexander Goehr. Allegri, Dartington & Drolc String Quartets. Renaissance & London New Music Singers. Melos Ensemble. Julian Bream Consort. Illustrated Prospectus now ready: send 3d. stamp to The Registrar, S.S.o.M., 2 Beaufort Hse, Beaufort St, London, SW3.

NEW York Woodwind Quintet. Programme: Quintet in E Minor by Franz Canzi; Quintet No. 1 (1955) by Alvin Etler; Variations on a Folk Song by Jan Sweelinck; Eight études and a fantasy for Woodwind Quartet (1950) by Elliott Carter. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Tues. 4 April, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

JOSH White, Robin Hall, Jimmie MacGregor, Memphis Slim. Royal Festival Hall, Saturday 1 April, 8.30 p.m. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., from Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Co. in Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 2 Apr.: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X). From 3 Apr.: 'The Seventh Seal' (X). Jennings' 'Listen to Britain' (U).

FIRST time in England, the Tine Rozanc Folk Dance & Music Group from Yugoslavia. English Folk Artists, dancing, singing and entertainment, Easter Monday 7.30 p.m. at the Holloway Hall, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N7 (nearest Underground Finsbury Park). Adm. 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED prints. We have a varied stock including Corot, Monet, Renoir, Van Gogh, on view in our showroom, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Clough – Sculpture. Peter Stroud – Paintings. Until 8 April. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members Free.

MODERN French Bookbindings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 22 April. Open Easter Monday. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

NATIONAL Art Treasures from Korea. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 7 May. Open Easter Monday. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tue., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

THE Waddington Galleries. Watercolours of the period 1888-1910: Jack B. Yeats. Opens 6 April. 2 Cork St, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Wren Sargent, Joan Knoblock, Violet Fuller, Paintings. 27 March-15 April. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). Rebeyrolle – Recent Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Adm. free.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Agaoglu – Cross, Hirst, Poole.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Paintings by Le Sidaner and Drawings by Carrière and Puvis de Chavannes. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George St, W1. Poliakoff – Recent Gouaches. Until 15 April. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Carel Weight 'Ghosts, Marvels, Moments & Scenes from Foreign Lands', Until 6 April

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Stanley Causer & Peter Peterson. 10-5.30 Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SVEN Berlin: An Exhibition of Drawings, Painting and Sculpture to mark the publication of 'I am Lazarus'. 10 Bedford St, WC2. Adm. by programme 1s. 6d. 23 Mar.-15 April. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery. Ecole de Paris. Aquarelles and drawings. 28 March-15 April. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

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CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Lena Jeger on 'Homes, Health, and the Tories'. Wed. 5 April, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1, Thursday 30 March, 8.15 p.m. 'The Scribbling and Painting of Children'. An illustrated talk by Rhoda Kellogg, an American Educationalist who has a unique collection of Child Art. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Tuesday 11 April, 8.15. Pasternak – readings in Russian and in translation of his work. Contributors – Lydia Slater, Manya Harari, Dr George Katkov. Chairman: Stephen Spender. Mems 2s. Non-mems 3s. 6d.

'THE American Heritage of Reform', lecture by Robert S. Maxwell, Assoc. Professor of History and Director of Research, Stephen S. Austin State College, Texas, now Fulbright lecturer at University of Southampton. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wed. 5 April, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

SHAW Society: Debate with The Dickens Fellowship. 'Who was the greater social reformer by means of entertainment, Shaw or Dickens?'. At The National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, Piccadilly, Friday, 7 April at 7 p.m.

SCENES from American History: Mark Twain's America, 7th in the series of weekly film showings, American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Thurs 6 April, 6.30 and 7.45 p.m. Admission free.

'RAVENNA Mosaics' by Eustace Remnant: two illus. lectures at Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadler's Wells), 8 p.m. Mon. 10 Apr. & Tues. 2 May. (Arr. Finsbury Art Grp). Non-mems 1s. 6d.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Unmarried Parents and their Children'. Guest speaker, Isabelle H. Granger, MA, Tues. 4 April, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-mems welc. 2s. 6d. Studs 1s.

AN Evening of Music. New Jewish Society, Wed. 5 Apr. 8 p.m., in the Edith Kemsley Rm, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 6 April, 'On Character'. Admission free.

'SOCIALISM – the new Horizon!' Speakers: C. May and M. Harris, Socialist Party of Great Britain Conference Rally, Sun. 2 Apl, 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Adm. free – questions & discussion.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 2 April, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Place of Women in Nigeria': C. Ogwurike.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

HOW Much Do You Know? About the background to economic policies? – About booms and slumps, full employment, wages, taxation, subsidies, inflation, etc., and the fascinating moral and economic implications of present-day political and economic thinking? 10-week evening discussion course in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at Victoria 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Tues and Thurs (separate classes) 11 and 13 April. Classes also to be held at New Eltham, Muswell Hill, Cardiff and Pontypridd. For full particulars write to the Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1 or telephone VIC. 4266 or enrol on opening night. Nominal fee for the course is 5s.

RAILWAY Development Association Public Meeting & Discussion: 'The Case For Railways'. Thurs. 6 April, 7.15 p.m. Caxton Hall, SW1. Adm. free. Chairman Robert Aickman.

PROBLEMS of the Elderly – Mrs Gwynne Foster, at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3, Sat. 8 April at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Dr Sudhin Ghose: The French Impressionists and the Far East (illus). 8.30. Fri. 7 April. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

'SYMBOLOGY of Easter'. Public lect. 2 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

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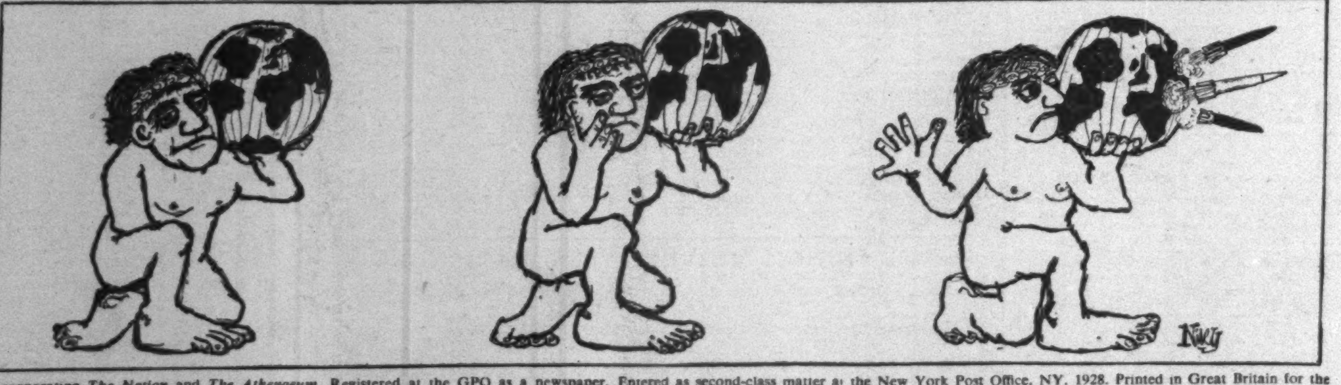
INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

COURSES etc.—contd on p.531



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